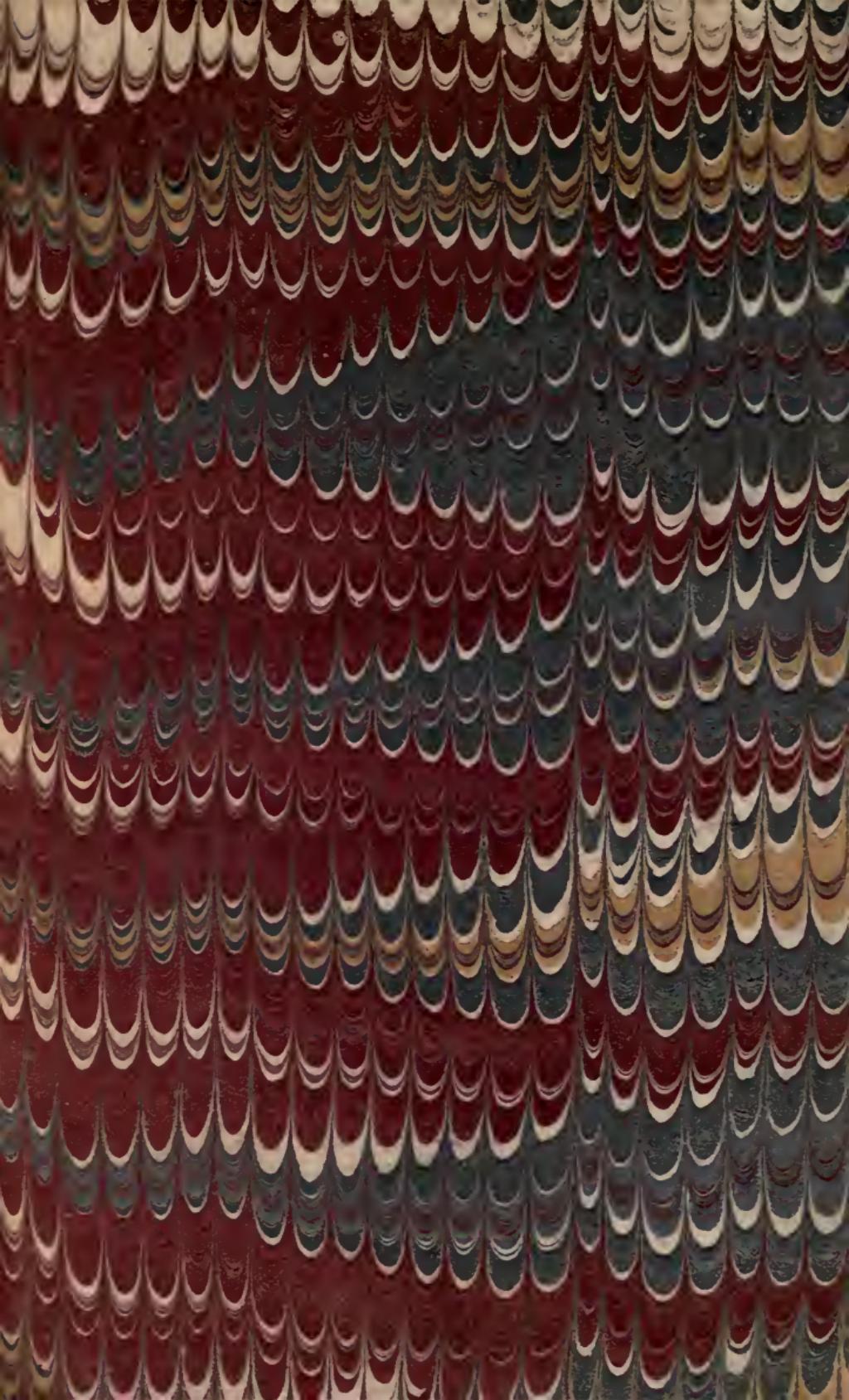


PR  
8661  
P3M3  
v.2





ELIZABETHAN BOOKSELLER  
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS



1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

1800-1801

~~174b~~ [James Maidment]

**A Second Book**  
of  
**Scotish Pasquils**  
&c.



Edinburgh,

MDCCLXXXI.

433053  
2.3.45

They say my talent is satire; if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in Lampoons. DRYDEN.

PR  
8661  
P3M3  
v. 2

## PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE Editor flatters himself that the Pasquils collected together in this second " Book, " will not be deemed inferior in any one respect to their predecessors.—Amongst the more valuable portions may be instanced the two hitherto unedited Poems of Samuel Colville, the witty author of the Whig's Supplication: the series of verses upon King William and the Union, and the satires upon Bishop Burnett. Although not possessed of much poetical merit, the lines by the illustrious Marquis of Montrose, now for the first time printed, will not, it is supposed, be unacceptable.

But perhaps the most interesting pieces in the volume, are the " Pasquils" relative to the disputes between the Faculty of Advocates and the Lords of Session, in the years 1674, 1675, and 1676, as to the right of appeal to Parliament. In the Appendix will be found an extract from a manuscript volume of Lord Fountainhall's, which throws considerable light upon the subject, and from which it would appear that his Lordship was one of the refractory Barristers.

The notices prefixed to each Poem, in which the source from whence it was obtained is detailed, and any explanatory circumstance connected with it, mentioned, preclude the necessity of farther observation; and it only remains to observe, that a few illustrative documents have been appended.

## I.

## ON LORD CLARENDON. \*

Pride, Lust, Ambitione, and the people's hate,  
The kingdom's broker, Ruine of the state,  
Dunkirk's sad loss, Divider of the fleet,  
Tangiers compounder for a barren sheet,  
The shrub † of gentry married to the crowne;  
And daughter to the aire is tumbled downe.  
The grand affronter of the nobles lyes  
Groveling in dust, as a just sacrifice  
To appease the injured King, abused natione,  
Who wold believe the sudden alteratione.  
God is revenged too, for the stones (he) tooke  
From aged Pawls to mak a nest for the Rooke,  
More Cormorants of states, as weill as he,  
We more than hope in the same pligt to see.  
Go on Great Prince, thy people doe rejoice,  
Methink I heare the people's total voice,  
Applauding this dayes actione to be such,  
As roasting of the rump or beating Dutch,  
Now, look upon the withered cavileers,  
That for reward had nothing els but tears,

\* See Volume I. p. 75.—These verses, which may or may not be of Scotch origin, could not, in consequence of this uncertainty, with propriety be placed in the body of the work; but as it is possible, from their being preserved by Wodrow, that the author may have been our countryman, the Editor has been induced to print them, not only on account of their intrinsic merit, but as being singularly corroborative of the grave charges recently brought against Lord Clarendon by Mr Agar Ellis.    † Scrub?

Thanks to this Wiltshire hoge, sone of the spittle,  
 Had they beine looked one, he had too little,  
 Breake up the coffers of this hurdeing theife,  
 Ther millions would be found to mak him cheife,  
 I have said enough of Lindsey Wolsey Hyde,  
 His sacrelidge, Ambition, Lust and Pryde.

---

## II.

THE MUSES SALUTATION TO THE DUCHESS  
 OF LAUDERDALE, 1672. \*

## APOLLO.

O Muses, why so mute ? when ye are grac'd  
 With presence of a Princess, so near placed  
 Amongst ye : Let your voices sweetlie rise  
 In Elogies and Anthems to her praise.

## CALLIOPE.

Father, whom Gods and all men doe adore,  
 Thy aide and influence we all implore.  
 Her orient brightnes dazles and confounds ;  
 To her due praises heaven and earth resounds.

\* Who could suppose that this was the same person  
 with the heroine of Nos. XIII. & XV. ?

## THALIA.

What springs as choise in the celestiall aire,  
What this vast world contains, or counts as rare,  
In this most splendid sister ye shall find,  
As in a cabinet, these are all confin'd.

## ERATO.

Sparta, for beauty famous once did shine,  
And Paphos gloried in her lovely Queen,  
They soon were silenc'd, when this western rose,  
Onlie the buds and blossoms did disclose.

## TERPSICHORE.

The Woodie nymphs, viewing their Goddess bright,  
Astonish'd were, and speechles with the sight—  
But here, espying her pure chrystall eyes,  
Admiring, fill with echoing sounds the skies.

## CLIO.

Pallas, who furnished the proud Lydian maid,  
Boasting in curious workes that she had made,  
Yields unto her, in whose most refin'd heart  
Encircled is what nature can impart.

## POLYHYMNIA.

She who rear'd up proud Babels wall and Reigne,  
Or the fair Queen of that Egyptian King,  
In wit, power, prudence, not once to be nam'd  
With her who by all is so justlie fam'd.

## EUTERPE.

The Heroines ancient, with the moderne, all  
Delight to answer when she's pleased to call ;  
Readie with honour, glorie and renowne,  
As garlands her most glorious head to crowne.

## URANIA.

The Graces with the Virgin tribe resorts,  
Allwayes attending chearfullie her sports ;  
Infusing sweetness, melodie, and grace,  
Destroying what's designed these to deface.

## MELPOMENE.

Why then, Apollo, for our silence we  
Are blamed who cannot this bright Deitie  
Extoll, unless you may be pleased again  
To inspire a Poet with a Virgil's veine.

## III.

EXTRACTS FROM LORD FOUNTAINHALL'S UNPUBLISHED MSS., \* RELATIVE TO THE DISPUTES  
BETWEEN THE ADVOCATES AND THE  
LORDS OF SESSION, AS TO THE  
RIGHT OF APPEAL TO  
PARLIAMENT.

It would appear that a dispute had arisen between the Earls of Dumfermline and Callander, as to the terms of a marriage-settlement betwixt the Earl of Callander and the Lady Dumfermline, grandmother to the first mentioned noble Lord. This controversy ended in a lawsuit, the nature of which it is not necessary to explain; suffice it to say, that a decision was pronounced against Lord Callander, who entered an appeal to Parliament. 'At the pronouncing of this interlocutor (says Lord Fountainhall), began much mischief, and a train of animosity and alienation in the Session, that we can most justly term this a fatal cause, and wish the scandal had never been borne; for the Lord Almond presented an appeal to the Lords, bearing, that he appealed from their unjust interlocutor to the King in Parliament. At this the Lords startle, and they fright the King with the dangerous consequences of it, as a factious deraught. He wrytes down a letter, commanding enquiry to be made unto the advisers of that dangerous appeal: Sir George Lockhart, Sir John Cunningham, Sir George M'Kenzie, Mr William Weir, being Callander's counsell at law, are called, and they refuse to give any answer as to their accession, but maintain, that ane

\* In the Advocates' Library.

‘ appeal having the effect of a protestation for remeid of law, was  
‘ a competent and allowed remedy against sentences of the Ses-  
‘ sion—(*Hinc illæ lacrymae*)—for in the summer Session 1674,  
‘ ane peremptor letter from his Majesty commanded these ad-  
‘ vocats to disown appeals, which they refusing, were, on the  
‘ 24th of June 1674, deprived of their offices, and in the year  
‘ 50 mo(re) advocats, from resentment of the injury done to  
‘ their employment, did desert their employment, and were there-  
‘ upon debarred from practising. ’

‘ On the last of February 1674, a second appeal was given in-  
‘ to the Lords by the Earl of Aboyne, as Commissioner, and in  
‘ name and behalf of the Marquiss of Huntly, his nevoy; in ane  
‘ action pursued by the Marquiss against Gordon of Carneborrow,  
‘ and sundry others his fewars, for reducing their feus, as hav-  
‘ ing fallen under his forefaulter, they not being confirmed by  
‘ the King: The Lords found the defenders feu infectments  
‘ good, valid, and sufficient, to defend against the forefaulter;  
‘ especially the apparend heir of the persone forefaulted being re-  
‘ stored, and the forefaulter *funditus* taen away, as *ab initio* null  
‘ and unjust, and the restitution being *non per modum gratiæ*,  
‘ but *justitiæ*. ’—‘ When the Marquiss returned from the French  
‘ camp, my Lord Lauderdale persuaded him judicially to com-  
‘ pear before the Lords of Session; and take up his appeall, and  
‘ declare he passed from it, and which he did on the 26th of  
‘ January 1675, and then promised him not only a new hearing,  
‘ but gave him some insinuations to hope a redress; yet after a  
‘ second debate, they adhered to their former interlocutor, and  
‘ so he was either ill or weell served for his complimenting them:  
‘ but the times were such as no rational man could expect an  
‘ alteration from them, of what had once escaped from them,  
‘ though unawares: they blushed to confess what is incident to  
‘ humanity itself (*nam humanum est errare*), where their honour

‘ was once engaged at the stake, leist they should inflame, fo-  
‘ ment, and encourage the insolence of many who were watch-  
‘ ing for their halting, and which censoriousness was improven  
‘ to that height, that they were ready of molehills to make a  
‘ mountain, by turning to themselves the wrong and magnifieing  
‘ end of the prospect; and even to name and stamp what is just,  
‘ legall and warrantable, not with the pardonable nickname of  
‘ ane error or frailty, but even with the most intolerable and ig-  
‘ nominious brand of downright injustice, partiality, and sub-  
‘ version of the interest of the subject, and the settled laws of  
‘ the kingdome. Notwithstanding all the pains war tane on the  
‘ Lord Almond, to passe from his appeall, and take it up, yet  
‘ nothing had hitherto prevailed with him to make him do it, but  
‘ he lives in hopes to make it rise up in judgement against them,  
‘ whenever we get a fair and unprælimited Parliament, which  
‘ may be long enough ere we see it.

‘ I have few or no observations by the space of three Sessions  
‘ and a half, viz. from June 1674 till January 1676, in regard I  
‘ was at that time debarred from my employment, with many o-  
‘ ther lawyers, on the account we were unclear to serve under  
‘ the strict and servile ties seemed to be imposed on us by the  
‘ King’s letter, discharging any to quarell the Lords of Session  
‘ their sentences of injustice, and was not restored till January  
‘ 1676.’

## IV.

LIST OF PAPERS PRESERVED BY WODROW, RE-  
LATIVE TO THE DISPUTES BETWEEN THE  
ADVOCATES AND THE JUDGES, AS TO \*  
THE RIGHT OF APPEAL TO PAR-  
LIAMENT, 1675.

1. To the Lords of Councell and Sessione, the Petitione of Sir George M'Kenzie.

2. To the Lords of Councell and Session, the humble Petitione of the Advocates, debarred from their employment. Upon this Petition there is the following deliverance:—*Edinburgh, 26th January 1675.*—“ The Lords having considered the Petitione, they find the same not satisfactorie, in regard it doeth not expresse the Petitioners willingness to give satisfactione conforme to his Majesty's Letter and Proclamacione, and mentions no desire to be readmitted. And that it doeth express thes words that the Lords can best vindicat them. And the Lords declares, that if the Petitioners sall make applicatione in the terms aforesaid, before Thursdaye nixt, they will transmitt the petitione to the King's Majestie as satisfactorie being severally given in.”

3. Unto the Right Honourable the Lords of his Majesty's Privie Counsell, the humble Address of the Advocates debarred from their employment. † 28. January 1675.

\* The Volume is marked M. 6. 14. ; the papers are not in regular order, but in the ensuing list they are ranged according to their dates.

† A very able paper, but unfortunately too long for insertion. Wodrow has preserved a duplicate copy in the same volume.

4. Copie of the King's Letter to the (Privy) Councill about Advocates. 9. February 1675.

5. Copie of the Sumones against the Advocates. 20. February 1675. This was a summons upon the excluded Advocates to appear before the Privy Council to answer for the statements contained in the preceeding Address, which is characterized as "ane insolent paper, and of dangerous consequence both as to the mater and maner of the same."

6. Petition of Sir George Lockart, Sir John Cunynhame, Sir Robert Sinclar, Mr Wal. Pringle, Mr Hew Wallace, Mr Geo. Bannerman, Mr Archibald Hope, Mr David Dewar, Mr Wm. More, John Inglish, Mr David Cunynghame, Mr Rob. Stewart and Mr Rob. Bennet, submitting themselves to the King, in consequence of the summons raised against them.

7. To the Right Honourable the Lords of his Majesties Privie Counsell, the humble Petition of the Advocats debarred from their employments. March 1675. Also tendering their submission in respect of the summons.

8. Petitione of Sir George Lockart, Sir John Cunynhame, Mr John Eleis and Hewgh \* Wallace.

9. Copie of the King's Letter to the Lords of Session, to readmit such Advocates as should submit. December 1675. †

\* Sic in MS.

† It is a remarkable circumstance, that the Faculty Minutes do not contain the slightest allusion to these disputes.

## V.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE CRUEL MURTHER OF  
THOMAS KER, BROTHER TO THE LAIRD OF  
CHIRIETREES,\* ACCORDING TO THE  
RELATIONS OF SOM WHO WER PRE-  
SENT, WHICH I FIND AMONGST  
MY FATHER'S PAPERS,  
(WODROW).

I com now to the tragical passage of our dear friend's murther, Thomas Ker, Chirietrees brother. Gredenham being with my Lord Hume at dinner, was speaking somquhat freely to him, and after dinner my Lord takes him aside, and tells him he might take him if he wold, and that the King had sent an express to Colonel Struthers to apprehend all vagrant Scots that wer in Northumberland. Whereupon Greden, without taking leave, cam straight to Crookum, where wer Thomas Ker, yong Bukum, Henry Hall, Alexr. Hume, and Hector Aird, (who wer there sheltering, the persecutions being now so hot in their bounds), and presseth them to go from that place, and not to stay all night, which they did, tho' late ; bot Greden, being wearied lyes doun in their bed, and at midnight the party coms and apprehends Greden, and carries him first to my Lord Hume, and from thence to Hume Castel. Our friends hearing of it, sends to advertise

\* This person seems to have been the uncle of Mess David Williamson's first wife. Amongst the Poems of Cleland (p. 48), occurs a very bombast Elegy upon Ker, who is there styled of " Hayhope." This article came too late for insertion in the Appendix to the First Volume, where it should have been printed.

som moe friends for his rescue, and they goes to Crookum, where the tryst was set to wait the party's coming that way ; however there cam non bot whom I have named, and after they had stayed a little at the place, they ar advertised that the party was gon another way, which put them to consult what to do next. In the mean tym comes there one telling them Struthers is at hand with his party, they not judging it could be so, thinking he had been gon with Greden—Ker comes to the door, and while he is walking there smoking his pyp, he discovers the party, and immediately calls his friends to draw their horses, and draws his own ; first resolving not to be taken, bot thought to have taken a by-way, thinking Struthers wold have passed them. However, when Ker mounts, one Squire Martins, Sir John Martins, the Mare of Newcastle's son, Struther's nephew, wold by all means challenge our friend contrary the rest their inclination, and coming up to Ker asked who he wes, he answered he was a gentleman, he sayes be taken Dog, Ker sayes where is your order, upon which he drew his pistoll and shot Ker in the belie, immediately Ker fired, and shot him dead through the head, and after Ker finding himself deadly wounded, he ran upon the party and fired his other pistoll, and then drew his sword and fought while he was able to sit on horsback, and then droped doun, yet wrestled on his knees and prayed, while the rest were fieghting, till his breath was gon. Our friends fought while they were able. Alexander Hume is run through the body. Henry Hall is shot through the arm, all sorely wounded, bot hops of their recovery. The English, some mortally wounded, and two killed, with two of their best horses, valued at a 100 pieces. Our friends being disabled, retired, and the enemy durst not pursue them. Struthers comes to Ker while his breath was hardly out, and he and all of them runs their swords in him, and takes (him) by the heels and trails him through the

puddle, and then flings him on a dung-hill ; they wold not let bury his corps till a party of friends went in, and brought it away. This is the truest account I can learn. \*

## VI.

LETTER TO MR PATERSON, FIRST, BISHOP OF EDIN-  
BURGH, THEREAFTER ARCHBISHOP  
OF GLASGOW.

From a copy preserved among Mylne's MSS. See Macqueen's  
Apologetical Letter, No. XVII. of this Volume.

A sincere and zealous hearty Lover of thy soule in spirituall condition, but a true hater of thy evill and scandalous wayes, have by ane inward impulse been moved to give the this seasonable warning ; and what would a great man, † lately fallen, give to have thes opportunities which he neglected ; thou art aiming to succeid him, I wish it may not be in all things, that thou delayes thy repentance, and that it be one day said, I gave the space to repent, but thou repented not. My remembiring of the shall be bot a short epitome of what I myself say, [saw ?] being hopefull this will do, but if not, thou may surely expect a more full and particular accompt of thy sinfull apparitions ‡ and indignities done to the Almighty Maker and thy profession. And in the 1st place, I shall begin with thy develish lyeing and satanicall lyke accuseing of thy brethren ; and believe it, thou art known

\* This murder seems to have been committed in the year 1677, but Wodrow has not marked the particular date.

† This was Archbischop Sharp that wes murdered by the Whigs.  
R. M.      ‡ Operations ?

be all rankes to be no fooll : But as thou art knave, thou ought to mynd thy manifold fornications from thy youth upwards, even to thy antededated mariage ; and that since thou hast been a most scandalous pursuer of both single women and men's wives, the women servants of thine own hous, makes no secret of thy vile offers to them ; also thy persuing of Anna Murray, even to the destroying of her good fame, but which hightens and aggravats thy unheard of abominations is, that the arguments thou made use of to persuade her to yeild to thy Brutish appetite, were brought from the sacred word of God ; and thou advysed her to marry Mr Annand, and what he should come short of in the marriage duty you would supply it, and how thou hast pursued Mrs Annand since that time, and for that procured him the deanry. I wish ye to call to mynd thy adultery committed in the minister of Collington's hous, which he himselfe dare not before God refuse, as having surprized you in the very act, for concealment whereof, you have kepted one of his daughters with your own for some years in your own hous : Also thy unseemly Gestures and unchast insinuations with the minister's wyfe in the Abbey, for which you procured him St Cuthbert's Church : Remember thy unchastitie with the Lady Innerleith, wife to the town-clerk, a-broad at London and at home ; reflect upon what Dr Irvine knowes, the which I forbear at the time particularly to mention ; call to mynd thy base expressions you used to a vertuous young lady, taking her by the hand and commanding the whiteness of it, and of her breasts, and enquireing if that beauty was helped by any art, or useing of waters, quho innocently replyed, she had no water, but rose-water, you impudently answered that she had better water, for she had virgin water, and desyred no greater happiness than with your mouth to kiss the fountain from whence it came. The lady, struck with astonishment, said, my Lord, take you me for a whore ? and with indignatione left you with this,

that she would make the same known to her brother : Remember, likewise, you were latelie surprized by ladies of greatest honour in the natione, who found you in the Back Staires of the Abbey with a woman, your hat lying by—you kissing her, with your one hand about her neck, and your other hand in a place elsewhere, fitter to be understood than named. an thou deny, quhen you wes the Duke of Lawderdale's chaplane, that the Dutchess of Lawderdale did once take ye by the hand in the Abbey, and led ye into her own privie chamber, and dismissed all her pages, and had thir expressions to the ; Come let us use all familiarity together ; let me hear no more Dutchess, and no more minister. I followed ye no farther ; but I leave others to thinke on the event, quher the opportunity had such combustable, though most chast and vertuous tempers trysted together ; however, it begat you a bishoprick, and made such ane lasting correspondence, that to this hour you are her weekly intelligencer of all our intrigues by the post. Thy vanity prompted ye to boast of this familiaritie to sundry of thy brethren, and certainly the preferment was large, greater than your lying with Hattoun was. I put a stop here, this being a sufficient specimen of quhat may be repeated hereafter. If this prevale not, I shall upon another head remember the of thy treachery to the last Archbishop of St Andrews, who allowed you, as his privado, to know his secret purpose of his instantly goeing for London ; and betwixt his setting (out) from Edinburgh to St Andrews, in order to his speedier returne thither for his journey : thou, by thy secret power and correspondence with that Jezebel, the Dutchess of Lawderdale, (with whom as yet thou keepest constant intelligence), procured her husband to write a letter in all haste to his stop ; consider with thyselfe, whether or not thou was a great instrument of his destruction. And yet for all this, thou had the confidence to preach at his buriall a most abominable lying panagyrick, whereof one amongst many was, that he had ne-

ver taken the Covenant. I shall also remember you, how, by the help of that same instrument, thou supplanted thy brother, now B. of Ross, and this would not satisfie you, bot thou also endeavoured to defile his mariage bed ; and after many insinuationes, thou presented her with a snuff-box, on which wes engraven all the lascivious unclean postures that Aretine mentioned. Reflect upon thy matchless perjuries, and innumerable hypocrisies ; I shall at present only name one, quherby thou pretended that his Majestie had offered thee the see of Glasgow, and that you refused it upon no accompt but that you might serve the city of Edinburgh. I will ye to call to mynd, thy secret drinkings and night watchings, thy carding and dyceing with some of thy brethren and the inferior clergy ; and for testimony besydes, thy own conscience, the very toun guards this last winter did often challenge ye at midnight and cock-crow, returning home drunk ;—consider well thy base symonies, in taking of bribes for benefices bestowed on some of thy clergy, and withholding by capitulatione what wes due to severalls of the ministry of your dioces, and particularly refuseing to collate the prebends, such as Wood at Dunbar, Forceman in Haddington, Bruce in Edinburgh and others, untill you renunced and discharged your fees due to him by you as prebend ; notwithstanding, thou deceived his Majestie, and procured a pension from him of 100 lib. Sterling by year, upon the accompt of the burden of the said prebends. It is proper for ye lykewise, as a pious and reformed Bishop, a good christian, to examine the exorbitant soumes of thy servants exacted upon licenses of private mariages, with whom thou goes snips, and thereupon entertains thy familie ; and for a further ground of thy humilitie, with the King Agathocles, who, in remembrance of his low birth, would be served in nothing bot in earthen vessels, it will not be amisse to minde the, thy great-grandfather wes beddall in the Kirk of Ellon ; thy grandfather wes curate in the Chappell of Garioch,

famous for his agility, being taken in the act of adultery, and hotly persegued by the husband, wes forced to leap the water of Ury, which wes called for a long time his leap, non ever since having done the lyke; thy father, when living in the paroch of Kelly, in the heat of his lust, came down through the chimney for the accomplishment of his designe he had to the woman; thy brethren bears marks in their bones and bow-sprits of this wild-fire; and as the Scots proverb is, "trott father trott mother," how can the filly amble? but take heed to the French proverb, "the Gallowes is not made for the thiefe, bot for the unhappy," and that the 18 men on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, were not the most unrighteous of all others; seeing former private warnings could not reforme, it was necessar to follow Solomon's advice, that open rebuke is better than private flatterie; the Lord pre-serve our holy Religion, and his Royal Highness from the treachery of such ane mercenary instrument, for thou will infallibly deceave and betray both the one and the other. In the meantime accept of this, and let us know whither the next edition shall be by way of almanack or meetter.



## PASQUILS, &c.

### I.

### Chick, Chacke, for the Ante Covenanters, 1639.

From a Volume amongst the Balfour MSS. in the  
Advocates Library.

THE deuill, the pope, the king of Spaine,  
The Jesuit, the Arminian,  
Leud Lade,<sup>1</sup> with hes curst incantations,  
Queine Mother,<sup>2</sup> incendiary of all nations,  
Trecherous Huntly,<sup>3</sup> Grand Du Gar,<sup>4</sup>  
The mischeant matche of hell, Traquaire,<sup>5</sup>  
Ambitious hearted Lauderdaleill,  
Soule haserder for the grate seal,  
Douglas,<sup>6</sup> the Pope's patriot,  
Drunken Menstrey<sup>7</sup> yat coper Scot,  
The mighty Marques Hamilton,<sup>8</sup>  
Quhose land wes bought with tuo of ten ;  
Spotswood,<sup>9</sup> cheiffe president of brybes  
Scandall of Justinian's trybes.

Register Hay,<sup>10</sup> seme-ustus,  
 And zet, loe strang, remains injustus.  
 Eastbanke,<sup>11</sup> pryme pot Lord, friend of Venus,  
 Cranston Mack-gill, Rimarum plenus.  
 Sir Lewes Louegold famæ prauæ.  
 Commissary Hard-head<sup>12</sup> cantans Aue.  
 Fourteine belly gods<sup>13</sup> all abjured,  
 Aberdeine doctors much obdured,  
 Amongst us mackes no small debait,  
 Like becorey sounds against Church and Stait,  
 A fyge for them all, Christ is our dux,  
 Our vita, veritas, vigor, Lux.

Clavis of these Lynnes.

<sup>1</sup> Lade, Archbishope of Canterbury.—<sup>2</sup> Queine Mother came to England this zeir from the Low countreys, viz. Marey of Medices, mother to the Queine of Grate Brittane.—<sup>3</sup> Marques Huntly: the chieffe instrument for one to incense the King against hes countrey, and the first raiser of the troubles in the North, 1639.—<sup>4</sup> Du Gar, a rebell, and a comon theiffe and cute-throtte, one of the Mack-gregor, and ane assisan of the Marques Huntleyes.—<sup>5</sup> Traquaire, Lord Thesaurer of Scotland.—<sup>6</sup> Douglas, the Marques Douglas, a professed Papist.—<sup>7</sup> Drunken Menstrey, \* the Earle of Streuel-

\* \* He got great things from his Majesty; as especially, a liberty to create a hundred Scotsmen knights-baronet, from every one of whom he got 200*l.* Sterling or thereby; a liberty to coin base money, far under the value of the weight of copper, which brought

ing, Principall Secretary of Estait for Scotland, quho first was goodman of Menstrey: and did much wronge the country with a gifte of cooper coyne obteined in A<sup>o</sup> 1634 and 5.—<sup>8</sup> Wes bought with two of ten. This wes a gifte wiche the Marques Hamiltone gote from the King in A<sup>o</sup> 1633, for the annualls of moneyes wes brought from 10 per 100 to 8, and the tuo for three zeiris wes by Parliament bestowed one the King, who gave it to the Marques Hamilton to pay hes debts.—<sup>9</sup> Spotswood, President of the Sessione. <sup>10</sup> Register Hay, Sir John Hay, Clerke of Register, a wicked and villanous fellow, a grate Leicher, and often scorched with the pockes, from a servant to the toun clerke of Edin. made a Clerk of Register in An<sup>o</sup> 1632.—<sup>11</sup> Eastbanke, Sir Patrick Nisbett, one of the Senators of the Colledge of Justice, a pryme drinker and hooremounger.—<sup>12</sup> Commissarey Hardhead, Mr Thomas Aikenhead, one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh.—<sup>13</sup> fourteine Bellygods—<sup>14</sup> Bishopes.

‘ great prejudice to the kingdom: at which time he built his great  
‘ lodeing in Stirling, and put on the gate thereof, *Per mare, per  
‘ terras*, which a merry man changed, *per metre, per turners*;  
‘ meaning, that he had attained to his estate by Poesy, and that  
‘ gift of base money.’ *Scot’s Slaggering State*, p. 72.

## II

Some Lymnes vpon the killing of ye  
Earle of Newcastell's sonnes Doge  
by ye Marques Hamilton in  
the Queen's garden at  
Zorke. Written then  
by the Earle of  
Montrois.

These Verses, by Montrose, are now for the first time  
printed.

Heir layes a doge, quhosse qualities did plead  
Such fatall end from a Renouned blade,  
And Blame him not, though he Succumed now,  
For Hercules could not Combat against two ;  
For whilst he one hes foe revenge did take,  
He manfully was killed behind his back.

Then say to Eternize the Curr yats gone,  
He fletch't ye Mayden suord of Hamiltone.

## III.

**Verſes on the First Earl of  
Traquaire.**

Of Lord Traquaire, a most unpopular Statesman, a very singular account will be found in Scot's Staggering State, p. 40. It is there mentioned that his Lordship "died in anno 1659, in extreme poverty, on the Lord's day, and suddenly, when taking a pipe of tobacco; and, at his burial, had no mortcloth, but a black apron; nor towels, but dogs leishes belonging to some gentlemen that were present; and the grave being two foot shorter than his body, the assistants behoved to stay till the same was enlarged, and he buried," p. 45. The following Anagrams precede the Verſes in the original.

John Steuarte—say no treuth—

Sir John Steuarte—on treuth arises.

John Lord Traquaire—a lyer honor acquyred.

John Earle of Traquaire. Ho! a varrie effronted lyer.

John Earl of Traquaire heigh Commissioner,

A lyeing misinformer acquyreth honors.

---

Thy face, thy toungue, thy harte, are at a stryffe,  
Wich of them to thy Lyeies should ade most Lyffe ;  
Falsse is thy harte, perfidious plots conceauinge,  
Thy tongue unfaithfull, and thy looks deceauinge ;  
The harte affords unto ye other tuo  
Moe cusining shapes then Proteus euer knew,  
Bold browes attend thy double tongue, with eyes  
Als bold, thy tongue quhatever it speiks it lyes :  
And causse ye hand of Vengeance long forbeares,  
That villane tongue quhatever it Lyes it suers ;  
Fitt instruments for thy pernitious endes,  
To Rent the king, thy countrey, and her friends.

Thus whilst thy harte, thy face, thy tongue conspyre,  
Ho (thourt proclaimed) a varry effronted Lyer !

Thir anagrams wer publickly wented of the Thresaurer  
Traquaire, first in Edinbrughe and then ouer all the countrey in  
Marche 1640.—*Balfour.*

## IV.

**Pasquil against Lord Rothes, 1640.**

Doe ze not know quho layes in this Corner?  
 It's a Scotts Ambassador extraordinar—  
 Doe ze not know quhat he came heir about?  
 To save thesse unhanged that himselue hundit out.  
 Ladayes, I requyst you, keep from ye vall,  
 Or ye Scotts Ambassador will ocupey you all.

This pasquill, so scurrellous, was flung downe at my Lord Rothes lodging, quhen as he went upe from Newcastle to London, as one of the Commissioners from Scotland, to end the Trety begune at Rippone.—*Balfour.*

## V.

**Pasquil against General Lesley.**

In the original MS. it is termed, “ Ane other scurvey pasquill, of this same zeir, against Generall Lesley, now Earle of Lewin —wentit at the Court in tyme of parliament.”

Scotts are no rebels, no, ther conquerours,  
 Since tribut's paid them by this conquest land ;  
 Quhat conquest, but a blow? zeis courteours  
 For feare of blowes gaue quhat they wold demand.  
 Fye hyd your faces, and confes you'r dastards,  
 For England now is conquer'd tuyss by bastards.

## VI.

**Pasquil vented in June 1642 against  
the Marquis of Argyle.**

Cam is thy name, Cam ar thyne eyies and wayes,  
And with thy Bell thou troules all traitors to thee.  
Cam are thy lookes, thyne eyies, thy wayes bewrayes,  
Thy strained Bell hes vitched the Vulgar to the.  
Cam's deepest plotts excused by declaracione,  
No sound bot Campbell hard throughout our natione.  
Cham wes a sinner, zet in the Arcke preserved,  
Bell wes a God, and must neids be adored.  
Whose backdores Daniell to the King did tray,  
For which he gat the den (you may applay.)  
Then cursed Cham, bot thrysse most blissed Shem,  
He saw and leuche, thou hid thy father's shame,  
And blissed Daniell, altho' thou gat the den,  
Quhen blineed people sees Bell beare the bleame.  
Campbell begon—for Gyle can have no Grace.  
The Righteous suffer for their countries peace.

## VII.

**Answer to the Pasquil vented in  
the Month of June 1642.**

Thou gives the prikels and obscures the Rose,  
That's treacherey to right smelling nose.  
Zet you'r outseeine by Cam, you'r grosse mistake,  
And the joynd Bell, may you er longe awake  
To your wrong'd senses, without gyle, not shame,  
For Campbell shall be freir still then Grhame.

## VIII.

**Mr Samuell Colbeille's Pasquil on  
Sir Alexander Gibson, Younger  
of Durie, Clerk Register 1643.**

This hitherto unpublished Poem, by the author of the Whigs Supplication, is from Balfour's MSS. The preceding seven articles were obtained from the same source.

At first a Puritane commander,  
Non a forsuorne seditious bander,

Quhill ther was houpes for brybes and budding  
Ze courted God for caike and pudding.  
To shaw Vill Murray your contritione,  
Ze doe allow the crosse petitione ;  
Zet, for his Rolles, I dar be bound,  
He made you pay ten thousand pound.  
O drunken Sottes, good Causse Spiller,  
Thow hes sauld Christ, and given thy siluer ;  
Thy eiuell contrived and desperat matters  
Makes thee fische in Drumley watters,  
Or, forseeing some tragicall closse,  
Thou leaues Argyle to find Montrose.  
Then with thy friend the Grey Goose feder  
Thou'l (mount) \* it's trew, bot upe the ledder ;  
Nor this : no furder can thou flie,  
Bot with Job's wyffe cursse God and die.  
Quhen thou shall suffer all this eiuill,  
Thou shall be pitied of the deuill ;  
Perhapes he will take you to him sell,  
For to keepe his Rolles in Hell,  
To registrat into his papéres  
The Actes of all Religione schetters ;  
For thy good Seruice quhen he sees,  
Thou's gett hes own place quhen he dies.

\* A word is here omitted in the MS.

## IX.

# Pasquil Made at Election of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, 1647.

‘ Pasquill made in October 1647, at the electione of the Magistrats of Edinburgh, quher James Stewart, Master of the Excise, braged boldly yat he behoved to remove Archibald Tode from being Provest of Edinburgh as he putt him in, and for yat cause moved Mr Mungo Law to preache ane invective sermon against the Provest, railling one him as a malignant, especially for giving his vote for sparing of Hartehill’s Lyffe. — *Balfour.*

To JAMES, ELECTOR OF EDENBRUGHE.

JACOBUS STEUARTUS,

ANAG.

VRBIS TUÆ CUSTOS.

Tell me, James Steuart, is this toune your’s?  
 Or boste ze from superiour pouers,  
 Or haue ze ane Elector’s woyce,  
 Or wold ze all our wottes incrosse,  
 And all our liberties enhance?  
 Forsuith, James, yat’s a prettey dance.  
 Ze make such dirdum and such din,  
 With putting out and putting in,

That had ze thought it we'd been shamed,  
Your goodfather, King James, ne'er claimed  
The lyke ; nor his olde lyon's paw  
Threttine as ze and your new law.  
Was'd ze sent fourth yon man of God  
To make sick hunting one the Tod,  
From hole to busse, from bank to brae ?  
Too hote a chaisse, nothing to slae !  
Bot, quhen the Tod he could not kill,  
He ran the back trade one Hartehill ;  
And er he left him quher he stood,  
He drench't his beard all in his blood.  
From such a place to hear such storey,  
Such Law, such Gospell, directorey,  
Might make the Pope a Jubelie call,  
And Burne the Controversies all.  
Goe, James, with Moyses law adwysse,  
Bring in the armey, hold upe the excise,  
And lett poor Scotland neir be free,  
Till no Scots man Malignant be ;  
So may your ryme by forged feares,  
Hoodwinke as zet a thousand zeires,  
Till God's worke be compleitly wroght,  
Bot meantyme serue him not for noght ;  
Thriue or thriue not to the third heire,  
A roche coate's better nor a beare.

## X.

**Roundelay on Sir Francis Kinloch  
and other old Baillies seeking  
the removal of Sir Andrew  
Ramsay from the Provost's  
Chair, 1673.**

From a manuscript entitled ‘ Poems, &c. by Thomas Davidson, Wool-merchant, Bowhead ;’ but whether this person was the author, or merely the transcriber, has not been ascertained. This is one of the oldest Scottish Roundels the Editor has been able to find. In the Poems on the Archers, p. 62, there is one commencing,

When Ardrose was a man,  
He could not be peal'd, &c.

but whether it is anterior to the present, is not, from its want of a date, easy to find out.

Gilmurtoune he swears he'l have the Provist outt,  
By the chalk and the sheers, Gilmurtoune he swears,  
By the wrong that he fears, and he wants a clout,  
Gilmurtoune he swears he'l have the Provist outt.

The Provist he declairs he's for the town's good,  
For himself and his aires, the Provist he declairs,  
This taille was told to Stairs, and be it understood,  
The Provist he declairs, he's for the towne's good.

Myne honnest old Baillies 'gainst the Provist rebels,  
To seek out his failleys, myne honnest old Baillies ;  
They would cut him all in talyes, and eat him themselves,  
Myne honnest old Baillies 'gainst the Provist rebels.

Come let us be friends, as when we came hither,  
It's strange what it meins, come let us be friends ;  
Wee'l doun to Baillie Deans, and drink all together,  
Come let us be friends, as when we came hither.

My Lord got the cause, to drink we abhor it,  
Wee hate breaken our lawes, my Lord got the cause,  
But wee'l kiss your backsides, if yee pay not for it,  
My Lord got the cause, to drink we abhor it.

Now I see cleare, your malice is great,  
Fiende ane of you I fear, now I see clear,  
I'll stay still this year, before that I flit,  
Now I see cleare, your malice is great.

## XI.

**Disputes between the Lords of Session and the Advocates,**

1675.

‘ The question was, whether a party aggrieved by a sentence of the Lords of Session, might lawfully appeal from them to the Parliament of Scotland, yea or not? Many of the Advocates maintained the affirmative for a time. This highly offended the Lords, upon which these scrupulous advocates were put from their places, and forbid to reside at Edinburgh; whereupon one tribe of them went to live in Haddington, with their Captain, Sir George Lockhart; another tribe went to Lithgow, with Sir John Cunningham: and distinguished their body into conformity, who joined with the Lords; and nonconformists who resolved to suffer for their tender conscience in defending the truth, though in point of abstract law. But after they had suffered a while, many of them satisfied the offended Lords with acknowledgement of their error and serious repentance; and all of them, after they had tasted the bitterness of losse of gain for a session or two, concluded the warre with accommodation and submission.’—Kirkton, p. 347. The Lords, did not long enjoy the victory; for a short time afterwards, in spite of their exertions to the contrary, Parliament began to entertain appeals, not from any desire that the corrupt practices of the Judges should be checked, but that the influential members might participate in the good things going, and be enabled to assist their dependents. No

country possessing any pretensions to civilization, ever exhibited such disgraceful instances of judicial depravity as Scotland did, whilst an independent kingdom. The Union contributed mainly to the subsequent purity of the Bench, and the right of appeal to a superior tribunal, where local prejudices, private feelings, and family influence, could have no operation, effectually destroyed the old system of corruption.

I. PARODY OF "FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA." \*

Farewell, Craigie Wallace, † the cause of my grief,  
 In vain have I loved you, but found no relief,  
 Undone by your letters, ‡ soe strick and severe ;  
 You make but bad use of his Majesty's ear.

\* "Farewell, fair Armida," was composed by Dryden on the death of one of la belle Stuarts (Duchess of Richmond) lovers. Vide Malone's Dryden, for the song and circumstances. This ballad, most unworthy of the author, is ridiculed in the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal—and deservedly, for it requires the strongest proof, to make Dryden's poetical crime credible—nevertheless, it was very popular, though the air to which it was sung, (to be found in the musical collections of the time) is every whit as dull as the verses.

† Sir Thomas Wallace was appointed a Lord of Session (upon the promotion of Stair to the Presidency), January 21. 1671: he took the title of Craigie.

‡ This was a letter dated 19th May 1674, which had been procured from Charles the II. expressing his dissatisfaction at appeals to Parliament: it is printed at large in the *Acts of Sederunt*, p. 114.

Now prompted by hatred, we know your intent  
Is to dissolve us like the Parliament ;  
But we know, tho' we languish in two months delay,  
We shall all be restored on Martinmass day.

On hills and in vallies, mid pastricks and hares,  
We'll sport, or we pleed in continuall fears ;  
The death wounds ye gave us, our clients do know,  
Who swear had they known it, it should not be soe.

But if some kind friend to our Prince should convey,  
And laugh at our solitude when we're away—  
The Barres in each house when ye empty shall see,  
You'll say with a sigh, 'twas occasion'd by me

## 2.

## ANSWER.

Blame not Craigie Wallace, nor call him your grief,  
It was Stairs, and not he, that deny'd you relief ;  
Abuse not his letter, nor call him severe,  
Who never, God knows, had his Majesty's ear.

Its true ye may think we wer not content,  
When from us ye appealed to the Parliament,  
But we grieve when we think your gowns should defray  
The expense of your folly on Martinmass day.

To hills or to vallies that ye will repair,  
 It seems of our favour ye mean to despair ;  
 Of your joint resolution we daily do hear,  
 Yet grieve we to think that it cost you so dear.

But if malecontents to our Prince should convey,  
 And show we are useless when you are away—  
 We'll laugh at your fate, which ye would not prevent,  
 And bid you appeal to the Parliament.

## 3.

## TO THE ADVOCATES WHO STAYED BEHIND, 1675.

As when the generous wine's drawn off and gone,\*  
 The dregs in punchion a—e remain alone ;  
 And when the Lion's dead, base maggots breed  
 Upon his rump, and there do sweetly feed—

\* The names of the refractory Lawyers have been preserved in the Act of Sederunt, passed 25th January 1676, re-admitting them to practice, in consequence of their contrition. The following list, therefore, may consequently be relied on as correct :— Sir George Lockhart, Sir John Cunningham, Sir George M'Kenzie, Sir Robert Sinclair, Sir John Harper, Sir Collin Campbell, Mr Thomas Larmouth, Mr David Dunmuir, Walter Pringle, Mr William Monipenny, Mr William Hamilton, James Brown, Mr Archibald Hope, Mr John Lauder, Mr William Murray, Mr Colin M'Kenzie, Mr Robert Bennet, Mr John Baillie, Mr George Dickson, Mr Robert Deans, Mr William Clark, Mr David Dewar, Mr

Even so, of Advocats you're but the Rump,  
That noble Faculty's turn'd to a stump :  
And so Dundonald does you much commend,  
Because you are the Faculty's wrong end.  
But since a Rumple President does sit,  
That rumps at Bar should domineer was fit.  
Yet, where the taill is thus in the head's place,  
No doubt the body has a shitten face.  
Thus, thus, some men reform our laws and gown,  
As Taylors doe, by turning upsyde down.

## 4.

## TO THE PRESIDENT.

From Sibbald's MSS.

Remonstrant good Mas James, \* how come'st to pass  
Your once too thick is now so thin a class ?—  
Are your lads laureat, or have they plaid  
The truant, since you them so tightly paid ?—

‘ John Colvill, Mr William Dundas, George Gibson, Mr James  
‘ Borthwick, Mr James Brisbane, Mr David Cunningham, Mr Pa-  
‘ trick Smyth, Mr James Grant, Mr Richard Douglas, Mr James  
‘ Falconer, Mr Roderick M‘Kenzie, younger, Mr Alexander  
‘ Campbell, Mr Robert Buchanan, Mr Edward Wright, Mr Ro-  
‘ bert Stewart, Mr John Kincaid, Mr John Inglis, Mr John Eleis,  
‘ and Mr Hugh Wallace.’

\* President Stairs.

Ill-natured stunkard boys, who disobey  
 Your Regent thus !—yet for excuse they say,  
 Your tupto's and your ergo's are so kittle,  
 Your topicks and your ethicks are so fickle,  
 Your ferulas and taws they are so sair;  
 The boys vow that they'll go to school na mair.

## 5.

## VERSES ON THE PRESIDENT.

From Fountainhall's MSS.

The President with his head on one side,  
 He swears that for treason we all shall be tryed,  
 We tell him 'twas not so with Chancellor Hyde ;  
 And I like my humor weill, boyes,  
 And I like my humor weill. \*

\* This is a Parody on the Song, beginning—

“ As I go rambling all the night,  
 The brewers jugs my brains do bite,  
 My head turns heavy, and my heels turn light ;  
 And I like my humor well, boys,  
 And I like my humor well, &c. ”

The President bids us repent of our sin,  
 And swears we'll be forfault if we don't come in,  
 We answer him all, we care not a pin.  
 And I like my humor weill, boyes,  
 And I like my humor weill.

‘ This Parody written at the time of the Lawyers quarrel and retirement from the Bar.’ Note by Lord Fountainhall.

## XII.

**On the Tyntelie Death of little  
 Mr Andrew Gray, late  
 Minister of Coul,  
 1678.**

From Fountainhall's MSS. In another but mutilated version, which the Editor was kindly favoured with, the verses are attributed to the Earl of Aboyne; and, from the source from whence they were obtained, there seems no reason for doubting the fact. Another Nobleman falls to be added to the list of noble authors.

This narrow hous, and room of clay  
 Holds little Mr Andrew Gray;  
 Who from this world disappears,  
 Though voyd of witt, yet full of yeires.

To point him forth requyres some skill,  
He knew so little good or ill.  
Yet, that his memory may live,  
Some small accompt I mean to give.  
He had a church without a roof,  
A conscience that was cannon proof ;  
He was Prelatick first, and then  
Became a Presbyterian.  
For he with Menzies, Row, and Cant,  
Roar'd fiercelie for the Covenant.  
Episcopall once more he turn'd,  
And yet for neither would be burn'd.  
A Rechhabite he did decline,  
For still he loved a cup of wyne.  
No Papist—for he had no merit—  
No Quaker—for he wanted spirit—  
No infidel—for he believed—  
That ministers by stipends lived.  
No Jew he was—for he did eat  
Excessivlie, all kynds of meat.  
Although in pulpit still he had  
Some smattering of the preaching trade,  
Yet, at each country feast and tryst,  
Rav'd nonsense like an Antichrist.  
And lest ye think I do him wrong,  
He being short, to be too long,

No more the matter to obtrude,  
I with this Epitaph conclude.

Here lyes Mr Andrew Gray,  
Of whom I have no more to say ;  
But fiftie years he preach'd and lyed,  
Therefore God d—d him when he dyed.

## XIII.

## On the Dutchess of Lauderdale.

A very interesting account of this extraordinary woman, will be found in a note by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., on a passage in Kirkton's History, p. 315.

## 1.

Methinks this poor land has been troubled too long  
With Hatton and Dysart and old Lidington ;  
Those fools, who at once make us love and despair,  
And preclude all the way to his Majesty's ear,  
While justice provokes me in rhyme to expresse  
The truth which I know of my bonnie old Besse.

## 2.

She is Besse of my heart, she was Besse of old Noll ;  
She was once Fleetwood's Besse, and she's now of Atholle ;

She's Bessie of Church, and Bessie of State,  
 She plots with her tail, and her lord with his pate.  
 With a head on one syde, and a hand lifted hie,  
 She kills us with frowning, and makes us to die.

## 3.

The Nobles and Barons, the Burrows and Clownes,  
 She threatened at home, e'en the principall townes ;  
 But now she usurps both sceptre and crown,  
 And thinks to destroy us with a flap of her gown.  
 All — are erected where ever she comes,  
 And beat day and night, lyk Gilmour his drumms.

## 4.

Since the King did permit her to come to Whytehall,  
 She outvies Cleveland, Portsmouth, young Frazer,\* and all.  
 Let the French King but drop down his gold in a cloud,  
 She'l sell him a bargain, and laugh it aloud.  
 If the Queen understood, what of her Besse did say,  
 She would call for Squire Dun† to bear her away.‡

\* Afterwards Lady Peterborough, daughter of Sir A. Frazer physician to Charles II. Her picture, as a beauty, is at Hampton Court.

† Dun, the hangman. If the Editor remembers right, he was hanged himself, for murdering his wife.

‡ This satire on the Dutchesse of Lauderdale, is an imitation of Lord Dorset's well known song, " Methinks this poor town."

## XIV.

## A Litany.

From Fountainhall's MSS.

From a king without money, and a court full of w—s,  
From our injur'd parliament turn'd out of doors,  
From the Highlands set lowse on our countrie boors,

Libera nos, domine.

From this huffing Hector\* and his Queen of Love,  
From all his blank letters sent from above,  
From a parliamentarie Councell that doth rage and rove,

Libera, &c.

From old Noll's whore† to govern our land,  
From her bastards innumerable as the sea sand,  
From her pyking our pockets by way of a band,

Libera, &c.

From ane Archbishop‡ graft on ane Puritan stock,  
From the Declaration built on ane Covenant dock,  
From opposite oaths§ that would cause a man choak,

Libera, &c.

\* D. Lauderdale—† Ds. Lauderdale—‡ Sharp—§ the Test—

From crook legged lawyers and wry necked Judges, ||  
From all your two faced subterfugies,  
From soldiers who serve without set wages,

Libera, &c.

From the Blanketyrs with their boots of straw,  
From the Highland Gospel and the Cannon Law,  
From a west countrie Committee to preach it with a',

Libera &c.

From the Archbishop's Hector, readie at a call,  
From his carrabine, charged with a double ball,  
From John Whyt the hangman who is last of all,

Libera nos, Domine.

|| Stair.

## XV.

**Epithalamium for the Duke of Lauderdale and the Viscount of Strathallan, by way of dialogue between the Duke of Lauderdale and Sir Lionel Talmask, first husband to the Duchess of Lauderdale.**

From Mylne's MSS.

S. L. T.—My Lord, disturb'd some years hath been my ghost,

To be reveng'd for life and honour lost

To that base whore, whom well thou knowest for pelf  
Butchert thy fame, estate, and last thyself;

And look, from what damned dunghill first she crept,

Nixt, while unmarried, what intrigues she kept;

Then, when my wife, 'mongst whores what part she bore;

Last, when your owne, no less than what before.

D. L.—To be revenged on that curst piece of earth,  
Sent up from hell like serpents, to give death  
To all who dare but tutch her nimble taill,  
Or stroake her cunning breast and act the maill,  
That were but madnesse ; and of no effect,  
While she doth live with such allurements deckt :  
But when she's dead, no doubt, Sir Leonard,  
She shall in hell receive her just reward.

I know her birth from naughty people came,  
When term'd a maid it's sure she lost her fame ;  
And while your wife, Allace ! there I did tak  
As mine, what others did, behind your back.  
The traitor Cromwell, Ross, and Broadalbine,  
Can tell as well as Atholl and Strathalline,  
What life was led by that curst hated thing,  
Before and since God did restore our King.

S. L. T.—You name Strathallane, it is said below  
That they are married, and they further shew  
That she hath hyr'd some cusing famed kind,  
To kill the heir, although the boy be blind.

D. L.—It's very like that Drummond now may dott,  
For so I did when age had turn'd me sott.  
First thou, then I, these feathers wore at large,  
Which, in their foreheads, bulls wear in this age ;  
Now Drummond shall—O, rusty, musty tub,  
At last in hell thou'll cuckold Belzebub !

## XVI.

## Robert Cook's Petition to the Lords of Session against the Peats.

From an anonymous MS. A severe satyre on the system of  
favouritism which disgraced the Scottish Bench.

“ Peat” means “ Pet,” a favourite.

See the Poem on the Stair Family,

Vol. I. p. 47.

The humble petitione of Master Robert Cook,  
Haveing spent all his money in following his book,  
Now humblie doth show to the Lords of the Seat,  
That he's likely to starve unlesse made a peat.

Yet first he must know whose peat he must be ;  
The President's <sup>1</sup> he cannot, because he has threc ;  
And for my Lord Hatton, <sup>2</sup> his sone, now Sir John,  
By all is declared to be peattie patron.

Its true my Lord Register <sup>3</sup> at first did appear  
A vacant place to have, bot your petitioner doth fear ;

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Dalrymple, Viscount of Stairs.—<sup>2</sup> Mr Charles Maitland.—<sup>3</sup> Sir Archibald Primrose.

For noe other end did his brother of late  
His Ensigne's place sell, but to be made a peat.

Though be the mock facultie, ignorance should him cast,  
Yet a bill (with " he's my brother ") will him in bring at  
last.

Old Nevoy <sup>4</sup> by all is judged such a sott,  
That his peatship could nere be thought worth a groat.

Yet John Hay of Murie, his peaty, as I hear,  
By virtue of his daughter, makes thousands a year.  
Newbyth <sup>5</sup> heretofor went snips with the peats,  
Bot haveing discovered them all to be cheats,  
Resolves, for the future, his sone Willie Baird,  
Shall be Peat of his house, as well as Young Laird.

My Lord Newton's <sup>6</sup> a body that gladly wold live,  
Is ready to take whate'er men wold give ;  
Who wisely considers, when Peat to himself,  
He avoyds all danger in parting the pelf.

<sup>4</sup> Sir David Nevoy. He was promoted to the Bench June 25, 1661, and retained his office for upwards of twenty-two years. Lord Hailes mentions, " He had been a professor in St Leonard's College at St Andrew's. At his first admission he was termed Lord Reidie." — <sup>5</sup> Sir John Baird made a judge, November 4, 1664.—

<sup>6</sup> Sir David Falconer.

Forret,<sup>7</sup> a nepotiane soe extremely doth hate,  
 That from his own nephew he robb'd an estate ;  
 Yet his sone Mr James must not be laid asyde ;  
 A Chrystian's obledged for his own to provyde.

For Collintone,<sup>8</sup> Pitmedden,<sup>9</sup> Little Harcus<sup>10</sup> and Re-  
 ford,<sup>11</sup>  
 Lord Salin<sup>12</sup> and Haddo,<sup>13</sup> and my good Lord Strath-  
 urd,<sup>14</sup>

I lay them asyde, with their Peaties unnamed ;  
 Would the King do so too, he wold never be blamed.

And now in respect your Lordships are serv'd,  
 And your petitioner in hazard of being quyte starv'd,  
 He doth humblie crave to be a peat to some peat,  
 Or, in Pittenweem's language, to make his peat's meat.

The Lords of the Seat, having heard the bill,  
 Did remitt the petitione to my Lord Castlehill ;<sup>15</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Sir David Balfour.—<sup>8</sup> Sir James Foulis.—<sup>9</sup> Sir Alexander Seton.—<sup>10</sup> Sir Roger Hog, a judge of a very equivocal character. See the curious tract, entitled “Oppression under the colour of Law, or my Lord Hercarse his new Praticks,” by Robert Pittilloh, advocate.  
<sup>11</sup> Redford, Sir James Foulis.—<sup>12</sup> Sir Andrew Birnie.—<sup>13</sup> Sir George Gordon, afterwards Lord President (in place of Stair), November 1, 1681. Created Earl of Aberdeen 1682.—<sup>14</sup> Sir Robert Nairne, created Lord Nairne 1681, with remainder to his daughter Margaret, and her issue male.—<sup>15</sup> Sir John Lockart.

Castlehill, considering the supplicatione,  
Declares that the peats are grievous to the natione.

They plead without speaking, consult without wryting,  
And this they doe by some inspiratione ;  
And now they have found out a new way of flytting,  
Which they doe call sollicitatione.

My Lords, your arbitrarie way,  
In passing of lawes every day,  
Doth soe perplex poor Robert Cook,  
That on this house he cannot look ;  
Bot in ane fierie indignatione,  
Bans you and the haill vocatione.  
In conscience it would vex ane sant,  
As holy as Mr Andrew Cant,  
To see the methods that we use,  
Forreigne students to abuse.  
They goe abroad, and spend thair means,  
Then in forsooth comes Mr James Deans,  
John Hay of Marie, and Will Gordone ;  
My Lords, I humblie beg your pardone,  
In my friend's cause, the truth to tell,  
I trow I am concern'd myself.

Mr Cook haveing considerred the nature of the star,  
Doth finde it portends neither famine nor war,

Bot destructione of the Peats, to confusione of the Lords,  
For which he doth pray in (the) following words :  
Most reverend Comet,<sup>16</sup> with the worshipfull taill,  
On the Lords soul-les peats come thunder and haill,  
For he plainly dōth see, if they be alive,  
He can never expect to prosper or thryve.

<sup>16</sup> In a singular and uncommon tract by George Sinclair, better known as the author of Satan's Invisible World Discovered, entitled, "A Description of the Weather Glass, &c. dated Leith, Jan. 9, 1683," there occurs the following notice of the Comet:—"The fifth, seen over all Europe with admiration, appeared first clearly to us December 14. 1680. It continued till February 8. 1681."

## XVII.

An apologeticall Letter sent from  
Mr John Mac-Queen, Second  
Minister of the Colledge  
Kirk of Edinburgh, to  
his Ordinary, John  
Paterson, Bishop  
of Edinburgh.

From Myne's MSS. See Fountainhall's Diary for the  
history of this amour.

My Lord, I hereby do narrate  
My love contrivances and state,  
Tho' not by way of theologie,  
But rather an apologie ;  
Hoping ye'll be no more offended,  
At me, who justly was suspended ;  
For they who sternly bell the catt,  
May be turn'd out, and then laugh'd att.  
I swear in word of sacerdott,  
I was in love with Effie Scott,  
Call't love, or lust, or what you will,  
Since the event of both proved ill.

I shall not here, with burlesque penners,  
Carp at her beauty, wit, or manners ;  
But know, that I'm of different mind  
From what I was, for Cupid's blind :  
Yet never the less, I do assure thee,  
My greatest motive was her dowrie.  
But not to linger any more,  
This femiall brat I did adore,  
Her courted, suited—she refus'd,  
And slighted all the means I us'd  
Whereby to gain on her good graces ;  
Affronted me in severall places  
In horrid manner—such like, no man  
Was ever used by any woman.  
For not to mention realls quit \* often  
On those who hard hearts try to soften,  
I met with such as might have quencht  
Love's hottest flames, but I was trencht  
So deep in Cupid's snare, that, trow me,  
I did what God did not allow me ;  
For when the compliments and flenches  
Which used to gain our Irish wenches  
Had not the grace to work upon  
This Scottish adamantall stone,

\* Sic in MS. Can it be, rails quite ?

I then indeed fell on a fancie  
Which reaches nigh to nigromancie.  
Into this town there lives a matron,  
Who, t's said, takes Circe for her patron,  
It was the councell of this Sophie  
I should get clothes were worn by Effie,  
The which if I obtain'd, and put on  
Of the chief part of this love sick mutton,  
'T would instantly, inspite of fate,  
Cause her love me, whom she did hate.  
This course I took, and forthwith got  
With great difficulty, a coatt  
Term'd pettie, as the vulgar speech is,  
Or ye may call them female breeches.  
Of part of it I first compos'd  
That which my sickly heart inclos'd,  
And of the rest, and its absurdies  
I made a jacket for my hurdies.  
Yea, more than this, and it's as stringe,  
I munted gloves with its silk fringe.  
And after all my work and pain  
I mist my mark, and not till then  
I found too late, when thought upon,  
I was wrong to go to God of Ekron.  
But yet, my Lord, when all is said,  
I'm not the first such pranks has play'd ; .

For not to favour poets fancies,  
Nor remnant fables and romances,  
Balking those shapes which the great Jove  
Took to himself when he's in love.  
Tho' mongst them all I much resembled  
That wherein he at first dissembled,  
With Juno on the mountain Ida,  
You look like it as well as I do,  
Being yet unmarried, but I grant  
My frolics such success did want.  
Nor is it need we cross the seas  
For instances to prove the case,  
Yea, scarce to go as far as Surrey,  
For if you search you'll find in Murray \*  
Some that a good while have been weddit,  
And yet ensnar'd by that blind Godhead.  
Yea, who have done and suffered more  
Than all that I have told before.  
My failings, I confess, are horrid,  
But I was ne'er in love so torrid  
As to miscarry with my mate  
Before we were in marriage state. †

\* A woman of that name. See Kirkton, p. 182.

† It was said the Bishop lay with his spouse before  
marriage. R. M.

Neither did she me once upbraid  
 As unchaste, or in mascarade  
 Went she in search of me, or yet  
 We got entrapt in Vulcan's net.  
 Nor did I e'er explain this text  
 Of Samuel, 2 chapter, verse the sixt,  
 Nor any such like paradox—  
 I gave a nut mill, not a box.\*  
 I went avow'dly from the street,  
 And never up back stairs to meet  
 Her, whom I sought the winning after.  
 I was bedued with virgin water,  
 Yet I'm a stranger to the fountain,  
 As great as you were to the mountain  
 Parnassus named, where the Muses  
 Enjoy themselves in their recluses.  
 But to conclude, I hope you see  
 I'm not as ill as I could be ;  
 And also, that there are some things†  
 Worse than the kissing strap or strings,  
 Which I abhore, yet, on my soull,  
 I swear I have been playing the fool,

\* This was in a fancy. R. M.

† This was band-strings, which he got from another of his Dames, which he put in the pulpit while preaching. R. M.

And consequently he much rather  
Who is more guilty, reverend father.  
For none who wears a coat, which black is,  
Should favour Ladies or their lackies ;  
And that I may win to a period  
Of this umgumsler, \* I pray to God  
To give repentance unto all  
Who sinners are ; so add I shall  
No more,—but rests, as I have been,  
Your Lordship's servant, John MackQueen.†

## \* Confused stuff.

† See Fountainhall's Diary, article MacQueen, and the answer to the Presbyterian Eloquence, for the history of Paterson. A very singular poem, in MS., entitled a "New Godly Ballad," on the subject of Bishop Paterson's alleged amatory exploits, occurs in a volume of Broadsides, in the Advocate's Library. Of this production sixteen copies were a few years ago privately printed ; it forms one of the articles in a very scarce collection of unpublished Scottish fugitive pieces, bearing the title of *Excerpta Scotica*.

## XVIII.

**The Coronation Song, 1689 ; or,  
A Dainty fyne King indeed.**

*To the tune of the Gaberluny Man.*

From Mylne's MS.

The eleventh of April has come about,  
To Westminster went the rabble rout,  
In order to crown a bundle of clouts.

A dainty fyne King indeed.

Descended he is from the Orange tree,  
But if I can read his destiny,  
He'll once more descend from another tree.

A dainty, &c.

He's half a knave, and half a fool,  
The Protestant Joyner's crooked tooll ;  
Cuds, splutters, and nails, shall such an one rule ?

A dainty, &c.

He has gotten part of the shape of a man,  
But more of a monkey, deny it who can !  
He has the head of a goose, but the legs of a cran.

A dainty, &c.

In Hide-Park he rides like a hog in armour,  
In Whitehall he creeps like a country farmer,  
Old England may boast of a goodly redeemer.

A dainty, &c.

Have you not seen upon the stage, come tell ho !  
A strutting thing call'd Punchinello ?  
Of all things it's the likest this fellow.

A dainty, &c.

A carcass supported by rotten stumps,  
Plastered about the back and the rump,  
But altogether it's ane hopefull lump.

A dainty, &c.

And now, brave mobile, shout aloud,  
You've gotten a king of whom ye may be proud,  
There's not such another in all the crowd.

A dainty, &c.

---

## THE SECOND PART.

You've viewed enough of his ugly shape,  
I'll tell you the qualities of the ape,  
There's none of his rogueries shall escape.

A dainty, &c.

He is not qualified for his wife,  
Because of the midwives cruell knife,  
But \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* does please to the life.

A dainty, &c.

He twice to the States did solemnly swear,  
That he would not be Statholder there ;  
Tho' they tied him with oaths they were never the near.

A dainty, &c.

Some people were glad of the monster's invasion,  
Had he but stood to his declaration,  
But now it is plain he hath cheated the nation.

A dainty, &c.

Cromwell did but smell at the crown through the rump,  
But though three were before, Orange, with a jump,  
Did venture his neck to sadle his bump

A dainty, &c.

The Habeas Corpus Act was quickly suspended,  
That instead of his body his nose might be mended ;  
And leading by the nose might for wit be intended.

A dainty, &c.

To his father and uncle, ane unnatural beast,  
A churle to his wife, which she makes but a jest,  
For she in a requittal will add to his crest.

A dainty, &c.

One lucky presage, on's Coronation day,  
Fell out in the midst of anointing, they say,  
The heroick Mogen himself did bewray,

A dainty, &c.

Queen Maull and her sister Nanny so bright,  
As soon as they found his laxative plight,  
Tho' he nodded and frown'd, they giggled outright.

At a sad sh—n King indeed.

Lo ! this is the darling of the town,  
The nation's Jack Pudding that wears the crown,  
Come rabble stand off, and make room for the clown.

A dainty, &c.

---

### THE THIRD PART.

Huzza to King William and his delicate mate,  
She was a most lovely Princess of late  
But now a contemptable object of hate.

A dainty fine Queen indeed.

O' the father's side she had honour, I grant,  
But duty to parents she barely does want,  
Which makes her a fiend instead of a saint.

A dainty, &c.

Her virtues all cited by the convention,  
Are too invisible to find any mention :  
The hinting therof was but ane invention.

A dainty, &c.

If fraud and ambition, curst falsehood and pride,  
And a swarm of unnaturall vices beside,  
Be sanctified virtues in the offspring of Hyde,  
She's a dainty, &c.

Then may the confusion that hither hath brought us,  
Alway attend them, untill it has wrought us  
To bring back King James as loyalty taught us.

Our gracious King again,  
Our gracious King again.

## XIX.

**The Trouper's Prophecie of the  
Presbyterian Downfall.***To the tune of Hold fast thy Crown.*

From Mylne's MSS.

Soft, soft, Sir Presbyter, ye spur  
Your speauie mear too fast,  
As formerly so it will be,  
Your covenant she'l cast ;  
The burden of that bloody bond  
It clog'd that beast before ;  
She stagger'd long, tho' she was strong,  
Then choak'd with blood, gave o'er.  
Build now your meeting-houses large,  
But let them be of timber ;  
Believe this rhyme, they'll last your time,  
Altho' they be but limber.  
Preach down the prelats, meek Mass John,

Ye'll with my Lady dine ;  
Yet here the grace hath little place,  
Where no man saith amen.

Pray for our gracious King, pray on,  
Yet villany still foster,  
While ye neglect all due respect,  
Unto the Paternoster :

Sing psalms, sing praises, sing aloud,  
Yea, hallelujahs hei,  
Your whining tone, will ne'er expone,  
Without Doxologie.

Dear Presbyter, that mysterie  
Declare, upon what score  
You pray for King, and yet did hing,  
Rather than pray before ?

Vivat, vivat, now is your song,  
To-morrow you'll cry, die ;  
And down with Kings, those heavenly things,  
Most irreligiouslie.

Your great confusions never will  
Consist with Monarchy,  
That heavenly way abhorr'd you ay,  
And therefor down go ye.

Now when in falling you do groan,  
Then hanging by the crupper,  
You'll sigh and say, this dismal day  
Foretold was by a trouper.

## XX.

**A Satyre upon the Duke of Hamilton  
and Earl of Brod Albion.**

“ Difficile est Satyrum non scribere.”

From Mylne's MSS.

Fy for a herald to proclaim a warr  
Betwixt a Highland and a Lawland czarr.  
Th' one vaccats thrones, despiseth higher powers,  
Without reserve proves absolute by tours.

This, hero like, disdains all sacred things,  
Ungrate to all, he boldly forfeits Kings.  
Money's the only God he does adore,  
For which he grinds the faces of the poor,  
And changeth every shape to hoard up more.  
He's biggest now, because they \* bear the sway,  
And they have promis'd fifty pound a day ;  
For which he'll serve the deill, and God betray.

And that he may neglect no mean to thrive,  
All his unjust appeals he must retrieve ;

\* Sic in MS.

But if he miss of what his avarice claims,  
Then he'll again take pardon of King James ;  
And in a pett even from the councell run,  
And baull, and make a noise of all that's done.  
This is the very game he lately play'd,  
And so by turns he hath both Kings betray'd.

The other hero, cloath'd in a sheep's skin,  
Gives smoother words, but's as much wolf within ;  
As prone to cast about to th' other shore,  
When once he's sure the stormy blast is o'er.  
He knows the time, and bargaine when to make,  
Of each conjunction doth advantage take.  
At a good rate he sold a Highland peace,  
Which of its self would been at a short space,  
And to the bargaine got himself a place.

Of old these champions for their first essay,  
In martial feats did run a contrair way ;  
The one, whose courage never yet was sunk,  
When upmost, prov'd a Highland star to Monk :  
The other briskly followed Monroe,  
When forced to flee from a prevailing foe,  
But to a charge he scorned e'er to goe.  
For tho' he baulls and hectors all by 's word,  
Yet he grows pale, and trembles at a sword.

The Hattoun Crow, \* chaced from her native seat  
By her own brood, creates this great debate ;  
Spermaticks sink, true mother of discord,  
Inflam'd these Hectors at the councell board.

## XXI.

## Ane Prophecie concerning the Prayer Book, against the Whiggs.

This and the ensuing are from Mylne's MSS.

Filthie leachers,  
False teachers,  
Cursing preachers,  
Never calme ;  
Be hook or crook  
Ye'll never brook  
The Service Book  
In this realme.  
Spite of the Whigs,  
Your cantings, jiggs,  
And Bothwell briggs,  
And all your worth,

\* Lord Hatton, after Earl of Lauderdale, was said to be cuckolded by ane Crow, and by many more. R. M.

The Common Prayer  
 Shall mount up stair,  
 Both here and there,  
 In South and north.  
 Raileing Ranters,  
 Covenanters,  
 For all your banters  
 This I fortell,—  
 The book shall spread,  
 And shall be read,  
 Spyte of your ded  
 The deill of hell.

## XXII.

## Another on the Whiggs.

Great guttions,  
 Stealls muttions,  
 Bellied gluttones,  
 Fuddling drinkers.

False teachers,  
 Whigg Preachers,  
 Wealth leachers,  
 Wanton jinkers.

## XXIII.

**Mr Livingstoun's Fareweall to the  
World.**

From an anonymous MS.

Why have I grasped with a greedie fist  
Blind Fortune's wrong bestowed gifts, and mist?—  
When Witt and Sense die scarcelie worth three groats,  
She cloggs with wealth unthinking ideots.  
Why have I always aimed to look great,  
As if man's highest good were plac'd in state?  
When oft we find, who fills the highest place,  
Makes a short stage 'twixt honour and disgrace.  
Why have I courted with such amorous flashes,  
The handsome outside of fraill dust and ashes?  
When what appears a bewtie in the chace,  
Proves but a carrion when we doe possesse.  
Fareweall, base drosse—fareweall, fond honour's glance,  
Adieu, to bewty's tempting countenance.  
Blessed, thrice blessed, be the power divine,  
Discovered your vyle naughtiness and myne;  
And did not snap me whilst I thoughtless slept  
And in your posyon'd draught my senses keapt.

I look upon you all as dung and loss,  
 And have with patience taken up my cross ;  
 Which I will bear, until my weaker breath,  
 Be stopped by the leane pale hand of death.  
 Then I'll lye down in the dark silent roume,  
 And take a nap till my Redeemer come ;  
 With whom I hope, (nor are my hopes in vaine),  
 To warble hallelujas forth in his triumphant traine.

## XXIV.

**Mock Lines on King William's Cowardice. Three Staves sung in the Parish Church of W—— last Thanksgiving Day, (in imitation of Mr. Hopkins) composed by the Reverend Mr Vicar.**

From a MS. in the handwriting of Mylne.

Rejoyce ye people all, and some  
 Throughout this happie nation  
 Our King is woundless now come home,  
 Save in his reputation.

The mervelous deeds that he hath done,  
Would please you much to see 'em,  
And for the battles he has wone,  
The French now sing Te Deum.

The seas most rough, and foes most fell,  
The first with ease he past,  
But when the foe he could not quell,  
He them outran at last.

But when there is no remedie,  
That man doth honour get,  
Who uses heels most manfullie,  
And stayes not to be beat.

Then let us all with mirth and glee,  
Sing and drink with merry hearts,  
For we have had such victory,  
As best suits with our deserts.

Now to conclude, let all that's here  
Join in this pious wish,  
That the success of this nixt year  
May be the same with this.

## XXV.

**The Humble Representation and  
Petition of John Plain, unto the  
Deacon Conveiner, and the  
remenant Deacons of all  
the Incorporate Trades  
in this City.**

These spirited verses are from Davidson's MS.

Renouned Burghers, now into September,  
The tyme approaches as wee may remember,  
When toyles are made amongst Incorporations,  
Which have their end in pretty large collations.  
When in Conveining-houses tradesmen meet,  
And o'er a mutchkin whiles doe make their leit;  
When proud aspiring Romans through ambition,  
In pynts of wyn to Deacons make petition;  
When nightly such caballs our taverns fill,  
And votes are bought and sold for double gill;  
By such unmanly, base, and droucken actiones,  
Our free election is oerturned with factions,

By men, whom a just God for such bath sent,  
To plague us with unhappy government,  
A mixed Councell, of ill polished tools.  
Some knavish witts, and other some stark fools,  
Some weighed so with will, they neither dow,  
Nor able are, to bear it up the bow.  
Frantikly furious, and taking quick offence,  
And some so silly they can scarce speak sence ;  
Some honest men, indeed, though with sore heart,  
Wee must confess these form the smallest part.  
Alas ! for such are dayly passing hence ;  
Witness old Thomson, and brave Master Spence,  
Who's zeal and faithfulness did so appear,  
For Edinburgh, as made the rogues to fear.  
Our noble Provost, of renowned name,  
With severall whom I need not name,  
Have as our cities circumstances craved,  
For ought wee know, most honestly behaved.  
But sure there have been, and are knaves among us,  
Or whence was all the coyn of Muir and Menzies,  
From copper turners, turned to golden guineas,  
Whose stock not long ago of goods and geir,  
Was not worth half, is now their rents by th' year ;  
Why are a great part of our guards discharged,  
Although our stents and burdings are inlarged ?  
Pray how is all our common good destroyed  
And to what uses is that good employed ?

Our debts instead of lessening are increased,  
The proud exalted, and the poor oppressed ?  
Our publick servants, to our great disgrace,  
Are most pert knaves, or such as need no place,  
Who's crimson noses which in taverns haunt,  
Declare they feed, whilst more deserving want.  
We've needless Hospitals contrived by those,  
Who lead our burgher-masters by the nose,  
To please some tradesmen, and to toom our purses,  
And stead of blessings win the poor folks curses ;  
And some affirme that it is no reflectione,  
That F——\* did libb our volluntar collectione ;  
And sure M'Lelland's trade did never thrive,  
So well before as since the nyntie-five ;  
Which things, and many men we right well know,  
Before John Hunter's cock left off to crow,  
Have made our citizens to think, I fear,  
Our Michael Musick stands us very dear.  
Therefore my brethren let me now exhort you,  
As you would have your conscience to comfort you,  
Upon a deathbed be persuaded then,  
To mind your trust and quite yourselves like men ;  
Let private interest and base selfish ends,  
Which through all corners of our land extends,  
Be laid aside ; let it be understood  
You'l sacrifice such for the publick good ;

\* Bailie Ferguson.

Vote wicked men to doores, and all who wrong you,  
And purge the publicans quite from among you,  
Be zealously courageous ; sett your face  
Against all such as are not fit for place ;  
Of qualified and faithful men make choice,  
Who's government may make us to rejoyce ;  
And he who does of all things take inspection,  
Will aid your Counsell in this Election.

This is a speech made by John Plain,  
To Magdalen Chapels honest men,  
And to all tradesmen of the town,  
Except the rogue and the baboon.

Edinburgh, 1700.

## XXVI.

**Lines on the Duke of Argyle, that  
died in his whore's arms in  
England, 28th Sept. 1703.**

From an anonymous MS. His Grace is said to have died  
of wounds received in a night brawl, in a brothel  
at North Shields!—a most undignified end  
truly. See Kirkton, p. 274.

Pluto did frown, but Proserpine did smile,  
Att hell, to hear the knocks of old Argyle.  
Pluto cry'd out—Let no gates open'd be.  
If he come heir, he'l surelie cuckold me.  
To which the Queen reply'd, with sighs and groans—  
No fear, my leidge, for he hes bruised his stones—  
Pluto reply'd, I fear he will rebell—  
Says Proserpine, for that I cannot tell;  
For to rebell we know it is his kynd.  
In stocks and chains then he shall be confined.  
We have in hell prisons secure enough,  
Castles more strong than that of Edinburgh.

What room, says Pluto, shall we put him in ?  
Lust and Rebellion were his greatest sin.  
We'l thrust him in the warmest place of hell,  
His pride, and greed, and letcherie to quell.  
To pride, to greed, to lust he was right clever,  
Let Cerberus alone to gnaw his liver.  
None him lament : Peers, Barons, nor yet Boors,  
For he went hence in th' arms of bawds and hoors.  
He dyed the death which is not due or common  
Unto his house—but by a letcherous woman.

## XXVII.

**Gall or Money for Sir James  
Stewart, her Majesty's  
Advocat.**

From an anonymous MS. collated with Robert Mylne's copy.  
The anonymous transcriber attributes it to Calder, the  
reputed author of the Scotch Presbyterian Elo-  
quence, but in Mylne's MS. it is titled  
“ Mr Caddell's Lynes on the Advocat.”

## GALL.

My heart, my heart, take this propyne,  
Sent by a stipendles divyne ;  
Who, when he goes to Aberdeen,  
Must seik protection from the Queen

Against your Presbyterian currs,  
Who to our stipends sticke like burrs ;  
So thou to mammon sticks like birkie,  
And keeps the Whigs in ev'ry kirkie.  
Thou plotting trickie Laird of Gutter,  
The honest clergie's persecutor ;  
And this thou does for worldly pelf,  
Its nyne years since thou hang'd thyselfe.  
Of law thou makes a Welchman's hose,  
(I fear this lyne be true in prose ;)  
Thou hast a pleasant face and hue,  
Tho' shame a word of this be true ;  
Thou pleads the cause of Core and Dathan,  
Thou'rt subtil like Old Nick or Sathan ;  
Thy shoes are cloven like his foot,  
Thou'rt souple tho' thou hes the gout.  
Thow calls thy clients all thy hearties,  
Yet you'l take money from both parties ;  
Thou may be drown'd for all thy geir,  
Or else be brunt like Major Weir ;  
Or Hang'd 'twixt Edinburgh and Leith,  
Take thou this T—d, to pyke thy teeth.  
Thou silver gulfe, thou money glutton,  
Thou swallowes gold like beefe or mutton ;  
For worldly pelfe thou still does gape,  
Sathan might think shame of thy shape.

For if the Devil assum'd thy corpes,  
And travelled through the Holand Dorps,  
Thou would terrify the souterkines,  
More than a gyzard in black sheep skines.  
Vex not thy scull, nor pia mater,  
But give a guinea for this Satyr ;  
It is a thing thyselfe hes sought,  
No reason I should work for nought ;  
I can write verse lyke Gall or Honey,  
As yow plead any cause for money.

## HONEY.

Poets (my Lord) have libertie to lie,  
Satyre and Praise are both alyke to thee ;  
Such is the temper of thy joviall spirit,  
For thou'rt known to be a man of witt and merit.  
It's known thou art weill vers'd in the politicks,  
And so thou art in all the sacred criticks.  
Thow can clear things mysterious and dark,  
We know thy byte is not so ill's thy bark ;  
In justice, then, I doe give thee thy due,  
And yet there's something in my satyre true.

## XXVIII.

**Lines upon the Rogues in  
Parliament,**

1704.

From Mylne's MSS.

Our Parliament is meet on a hellish designe,  
'Gainst God, and the true heir, knaves doe combine  
To play the game over of old forty-nine ;  
But unless they repent they'll be damn'd.

Some the son of a whore would have plac'd on the throne,  
Which makes each cavaleer pray, sigh, and grone,  
And damn the whole pack who to this are prone,  
Since without Repentance, they're damn'd.

And cursed for ever be the 6th of Jully,  
If that Hanover come in so unduely,  
And those who excluded the heir *viro soli*,  
Without Repentance, are damn'd.

When thrones are exposed of by Athiests and Knaves,  
Who there countrie have sold, and to England are slaves,  
And the true Royall heir of all just right bereaves,  
Such cannot escape a damnation.

Thou false misled Twedale, thy father thou'l trace  
By abjureing the true heir of the old Royall race,  
And damn your own soull to purchase the place,  
For which, good morrow, Repentance !

Thou turn about Chancellour, trimmer and wheedler,  
Now honest, now knave, unfixt and a midler,  
In thy honour and soull thou's like a Scots pedler,  
Like the bush to each wind a readie complyer.

Thou base, blustering Annandale, false and unjust ;  
Unfaithfull to all, and unworthy of trust ;  
To kings and friends false, slave to oaths, drink and lust ;  
For which sin on and be damn'd.

Thou old dottered George, \* whom we thought mysterious,  
It's plain you'r ane old fool, a damn'd knave and serious ;  
And since your tricks are so black and damn'd mysterious,  
Sin on, your fate is the gallows.

\* Earl of Cromartie. R. M.

Thou Johnstoun, \* thou spaun of a villan and traytor,  
 A varlot by birth, education, and nature,  
 Old Scotland's base cut-throat, and false England's creature  
 For which sin on and be damn'd.

Thou trouker, thou traytor, thou false Jamie Wyllie, †  
 Who endeavours to break King Fergus old Tailzie,  
 Thy sins for damnation do call without failzie,  
 Wherefor sin on and be damn'd.

Thou snarling base Rothes, brave Fyfe's great disgrace,  
 These desemblers, thy goodfather, and grandfather thou'll  
 trace,  
 False to the brave Duke, ‡ and Rogues you embrace,  
 Ther's great odds betwixt market dayes.

You Roxbrugh, thou Haddington, thou knave and thou  
 fooll,  
 You're a Diest, and thow's for the A B C schooll,  
 And both joined in one you're Hannovers toole,  
 Ungrate Rob § and Thom of the Cowgate.

\* Secretarie Jonston. R. M.

† Sir James Stuart, Advocat. R. M.

‡ Hamilton. R. M.

§ Of Roxburgh, R. M.

You Melvill, you Leven, you're originall traytors,  
 Whose villanie is plain from your practise and features,  
 You'r hearth-money cheats, to the King you are haters,  
 So nought but attonements can save you.

Balcarrass, thou casts off all honour and law,  
 Not conscience, but pension, keeps thee in awe ;  
 Your estate is crackt, in your head there's a flaw,  
 Good morrow, your Lordship and \_\_\_\_\_ \*

Abjureing old Marchmont, Jack Presbyter's darling ;  
 The spawn of ane old rotent Geneva carling ;  
 Not worthy to drink with Luckie M'Farling,  
 You see an young rogue is ane old one.

Ye John Earl of Stair, Hugh and David Dalrymple's,  
 Who plague the whole nation with your damn'd tricks and  
 whimples,  
 Pleading, decrets, and Glenco, are good samples,  
 How much your fathers you trace.

Thou apostate Hamilton, John Lord Belhaven,  
 Who to thy countrie's intrest hes bide good even,  
 And entred the league with the damn'd factious Seven,  
 Thy last year's speeches will damn thee.

\* Blank in MS.

Thou atheist, thou factious, thou infedell, Yester ;  
 Thy grand-sir's true heir ; old Noll is thy master ;  
 Thy sores are beyond all physick and playster ;  
 Wherefor, sin on and be damn'd.

Thou furious reprobate, pratling Whitlaw,  
 Who, with streaches and false clames, does bluster and  
 blaw ;  
 Thou mocks Religion, Succession, and Law ;  
 Wherefor, sin on and be damn'd.

Morose Jerviswood, and affected Sir John, \*  
 And vain Will Bennet, are to th' enemie gone ;  
 Their country they have sold, their honour's undone ;  
 Wherefor, sin on and be damn'd.

Ye Sutherland, Lawderdale, and the Forbes the tall ;  
 Ye Glencairne, ye Lothian, and Hyndford, ye're all  
 A druken, rebellious, and senseless caball,  
 And unless ye repent ye'll be damn'd.

You Maxwell, † and such as ne're had pretence  
 To honour, good manners, or any grain of sense ;  
 'Twixt heaven and earth you'll be in suspence,  
 If timber and rope can be had.

\* Home of Blaccader. R. M. † Lord Justice Clerk. R. M.

Thou Francie \* of Giffan, thou's bigot as hell,  
And Brodie, in nonsense in this does excell.  
For rebellion ingrained, you may each bear the bell,  
Wherfor, sin on and be damn'd.

Ye Lamington, Stivenston, Gib, † and Cavers too,  
Your equals in villanie you queit outdoe,  
For the riseing sun to a phantom you bow,  
You'll forfaulted be and then hanged.

Ye Campbells, ye Johnstons, by yourselves you're a sect;  
You're false robbers and theives, non should you protect:  
From God and from Cæsar you remove all respect;  
Your slughorns are falsehood and plunder.

In such a hurray of rogues Argyle may come in,  
Whose blood bears the stain of originall sin,  
And if he is like to goe on as they did begin,  
Then he'll follow the fate of his grandsirs.

Thou, Queensberry, once the abjuration did slight,  
And now gives thy squadron to defend Scotland's right,  
For which we'll excuse your youthfull old flight,  
If your father's advice you will follow.

\* Montgomerie: † Sir Gilbert Elliot. R. M.

## XXVIII.

**Lines on the Marquis of Tweedale,  
1706.**

From Mylne's MSS.

In the last month of May  
Ther was lost, or went astray,  
A great Marquess his reputation ;  
Who once bore a vogue,  
Who now's turn'd a rogue,  
Greater than any in the nation.

Who's found it, let them bring it,  
And on Charing Cross hing it,  
Ther to be compared with his father's ;  
And rewarded he's be  
By his gleed son and he,  
With their and Hanover's great favours.

## XXIX.

## Enscriptiōne for Lord Stair's Tomb.

His Lordship was the eldest Son of the first Viscount of Stair, to whose title he succeeded ; he was elevated to an Earldom by Queen Anne. His death is said to have been occasioned by his over exertions, during a long debate on the twenty-second article of the Union. He died 8th January 1706. He was very unpopular.

Stay Passenger, but shed no tear,  
A Pontius Pilat lyeth heir,  
Whose Lineage, Lyfe, and finall state,  
If ye'l have patience I'le relate.  
A bratt of ane unburried Bitch, \*

\* Lady Stair 'lived to a great age ; and at her death desired, that ' she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should ' stand upright on one end of it, promising, that while she re- ' mained in that situation, the Dalrymple's should continue ' to flourish. What was the old Lady's motive for the request, ' or whether she really made such a promise, I shall not take ' upon me to determine ; but its certain her coffin stands up- ' right in the isle of the church of Kirklistown, the burial- ' place of the family.' ' Memoirs of John Earl of Stair,' by an impartial hand. See also the scurrilous poem on the Stair family in the first Volume, for further notices regarding her Ladyship.

Gott by Belzebub on a witch,  
 Whose malice oft wes wreckit at home,  
 On the curst cubs of her owne womb.  
 This, her old sone, and trew born heir  
 Of (his) parents vice, had double share ;  
 Bred up in treacherie and trick,  
 By crook'd Craigie, \* and Old Nick ;  
 Wherein he lies such progress made,  
 As to outstripe both Devill and Daid.  
 Ungrate, Rebellious, and unjust,  
 A Slave to Avarice and Lust.  
 Who alwayes turn'd his spyt and scorne  
 'Gainst head wher he had planted horne ; †  
 He mock'd at murthering single man,  
 His noble aime reach't a whole clan. ‡  
 Lest ought but hell sould equall's guilt,  
 Man, Wyfe, and Bairnes blood must be spilt ;  
 Tho' they were innocent, no mater,  
 The Complement to a friend the greater.

\* " Crook'd craig'd Dadie " in another MS.

† Nota. He cuckolded Lord Raith, yet wes ane inveterat enemic to his father Lord Melvile, R. M.

‡ Massacre of Glencoe. Fletcher of Saltōn told him in Parliament, that had there been an act against Ministers of State for giving bad advice to the King, and acting contrary to Law, his Lordship had long ere now been hanged, for the advices he gave King James, the murder of Glencoe, and his conduct since the Union.

But thes being crymes below his station,  
He's bravclie since murdered his nation ;  
All thes being done by his advyee,  
He hes ridden post to gett his prycce.  
For tho' religione allwayes cloak'd him,  
Yet now at last the Devill hes choak't him ;  
For of him he had no more neid  
Since Caine his heir wes to succeid.  
Now Passenger, pass off with speid,  
For seldome lyes the Devil dead ;  
Make haste, if thou thy safety pryzce,  
For legions haunts wherever he lyes.

## XXX.

## A Song on the Treaty of Union. 16th April 1706.

From Mylne's MSS., who prefixes this pithy notice.—“ Ther  
“ wer 31 rogues following that put the bryd in her bed.”  
He adds, it is to be sung “ to the tune of Fy let us  
“ all to the Wedding.” A corrupted version of  
the song appeared in the Jacobite relics.

Fy let us all to the treaty,  
For ther will be wonders ther,  
Scotland's to be a bryd,  
And married be the Earle of Stair.

There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Marr,  
 And Morton comes in by the by ;  
 Ther's Lothian, Leven, and Weems,  
 And Sutherland, frequently dry.

Ther's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Dupplin,  
 Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross ;  
 The President, Francie Montgomerie,  
 Who'll amble like any pac'd horse.

Ther's Johnston, \* Daniel Campbell, and Stuart,  
 Whom the court hes still in their hench ;  
 There's solid Pitmedden and Forglen,  
 Who mind's to jump on the bench.

There's Ormistone, and Tilliecountry,  
 And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton ;  
 There's Arniston, and Carnwath,  
 Put in by his uncle Lord Wharton.

Ther's young Grant, and young Pennycook,  
 Hugh Montgomerie, and Davie Dalrymple ;  
 And ther is one who will shortly bear bouk,  
 Prestongrange, that indeed is not simple.

\* Provost of Edinburgh.

Now the Lord bless the gimp one and thirty,  
If they prove not Traytors in fact ;  
But see their bryd well dressed and prity,  
Or else—the Deel take the pack !

## XXXI.

## The New Dame of Honour.

Vide Durfey's Pills, for the Dame of Honour and Man  
of Honour. Vols. 4. and 5.

## 1.

Since now our Nation's bought and sold,  
And Scotland has no name ;  
Since honour's cast in a new mold,  
And chastity's a staine.  
How men and women did behave  
I'll tell you, Sir, the manner,  
When Wallace and the Bruce did live,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

## 2.

The country to all men was dear,  
As pensions now or quondame ;  
No rogues their conscience durst abjure,  
Nor Ladies kiss at random.

Promiscuous unions were not made,  
 And each kept in old manner,  
 And no Equivalents were paid  
 When I was a dame of honour.

## 3.

To Bannockburn our heroes came,  
 To lend Southrons a fluet ;  
 And as abroad, just so at home,  
 Bravely durst they stand to it.  
 Scots champions were never flyet,  
 None cowards when in armour,  
 Plain dealing was the Scots delyt,  
 When I was a dame of honour.

## 4.

Cuckold was then a scurvie name,  
 Good Lord, who could abyde it !  
 No man durst play another's game,  
 But what took pains to hyde it.  
 The Cannogait knew no caballs,  
 Nor Knights of the Horn Order, \*  
 And light was not put out at balls,  
 When I was a dame of honour.

\* For mention of the Horn Order, see Walker's Life of Peden. Biographia Presbyteriana, Vol. I. p. 138.

## 5.

The Crispin's and Crispin pins, †  
Were things unknown unto us ;  
We ladies then thought shame to sin,  
It cost pains to undo us.  
We wore no ribbands on our thighs,  
No smock tyed o'er our shoulder ;  
We lockt up close our privities,  
When I was a dame of honour.

## 6.

Our gallants needed no supplies,  
But such as came from Nature ;  
They did not think cantharides  
Added to strength of pleasure.  
Coquets no brandy possets got,  
At least in soleinne manner ;  
No, never—and they knew them not,  
When I was a dame of honour.

† Robertson of Struan satirizes the Crispin Knights,  
and those of the Horn, thus :

“ A thousand lesser sins I could rehearse,  
Did they not stain the purity of verse ;  
The secret lusts of those lascivious wights,  
The Horn order, and the Crispin Knights.”

## XXXII.

**A Curse against those that  
were for the union and the  
late Revolution.**

From Mylne's MSS.

## 1.

Scotland and England now must be  
United in one nation ;  
So we again perjur'd must be,  
And taik the abjuration.

## 2.

The Stuarts, antient true born race,  
We must now all give over ;  
We must receive into their place  
The mungrells of Hanover.

## 3.

Cursed be the Papists who first drew  
Our King to their persuasion ;  
Curst be that Covenanting crew,  
Who gave the first occasion  
To a stranger to ascend the throne,  
By Stuart's abdication !

## 4.

Curst be the wretch who seiz'd his throne,  
And marr'd our constitution ;  
Curst be all those who helped on  
Our cursed Revolution !

## 5.

Curst be those treacherous traiters who,  
By their perfidious knaverie,  
Have brought the nation now unto  
Ane everlasting slaverie !

## 6.

Curst be the Parliament that day  
They give the confirmation ;  
And curst for ever be all they  
Shall swear the abjuration.

## XXXIII.

## A Litany against the Union.

From Mylne's MSS.

From forced and divided Union,  
And from the church and kirk communion,  
Where Lordly Prelates have dominion,

Libera nos, domine.

From a new Transubstantiation  
Of the old Scots, into ane English nation,  
And from all foes to Reformation,

Libera nos, &c.

From selling kingdoms, Kings, and crowns,  
For groats ill payed by Southern louns,  
From mitres, surplice, long sleeve'd gouns,

Libera nos, &c.

From a November powder treason,  
To blow up Parliament at this season,  
Tho' without powder, rhyme or reason,

Libera nos, &c.

From Pets, and men of Posts and Pensions,  
Sole managers of state conventions,  
And from all interest in contentions,

Libera nos, &c.

From heavie taxes laid on salt,  
On blinked ale, on bear or malt,  
And herrieing us without a fault,  
Libera nos, &c.

From trading with ane emptie purse,  
And meriting the old wife's curse,  
And from all changes to the worse,  
Libera nos, &c.

From paying debts we doe not owe,  
Equivalents we doe not know,  
From to be madd, and still kept low,  
Libera nos, &c.

From Patriots to Presbetry,  
Who to it bear antipathy,  
And such friends as old Cromarty, \*Libera nos, &c.

From Patriots who for pious ends,  
Keep kirks unplanted, that the teinds  
They may secure to their best friends,  
Libera nos, &c.

\* George Mackenzie, created by James VII. Viscount of Tarbat, and by Queen Anne, Earl of Cromerty.

From bartering the ancient nation,  
For a new trade communication,  
From English acts of navigation,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From Burrows, Barons, and our Peers,  
Who bring ane old house o're their ears,  
For which they shall pay, some folk swears,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From holy wars and hellish plots,  
From faithles Christians, brutish Scots,  
And the disease that noses rots,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From rebels ruleing corporations,  
And headles Mobs governing nations,  
And acting out of our stations,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From paying us our Darien costs,  
By laying on cess and new imposts,  
From the English ruling Scots rosts,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From a free trade with prohibitions,  
Restrictions, heavie impositions,  
Union, on base, unjust, conditions,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From Peers whose state's a sepulchre,  
Who vote the nation to interre,  
And enemies to fast and prayer,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From Pillored Poets \* and Scots Pedlars,  
In soultering kingdoms, busie middlers,  
From Organs and cathedrall Fiddlers,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From old Scots nobles in the rear  
Of each new upstart English Peer,  
And rousing Parliament robes next year,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From Oaths and Tests which bar the just  
From offices of place and trust,  
To satisfie the clergy's lust,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From Esau merchants and trustees,  
Who serve them best who give best fees,  
And men whose heads are full of bees,  
    Libera nos, &c.

From Pride, poverty and greed  
United, and from old Scots feed,  
From making more haste than good speed,  
    Libera nos, &c.

\* De Foe and Paterson. R. M.

From all religious compositions,  
 Of old and modern superstitions,  
 From boots and thumbkin inquisitions,  
 Libera nos domine.

From innocent men laying snares,  
 And killing Glenco-men by pairs,  
 From sudden death, like the Earl of Stair's.  
 Libera nos domine.

## XXXIV.

## Verses on the Scots Peers, 1706.

From an anonymous MS. in the Advocates Library. A very mutilated version occurs in Davidson's MS.

Our Duiks wer deills, our Marqueses were madd,  
 Our Earls wer evills, our Viscounts yet more bade.  
 Our Lords wer villains, and our barons kneaves,  
 Quho with our burrows did sell us for slaves.  
 They sold the church, they sold the state and natione,  
 They sold ther honour, name and reputacione ;  
 They sold ther birthwright, peerages and places,  
 And now they leave the house with angrie faces ;  
 And now they froune, desert, and curse their fate,  
 And still in vain lost libertie regrate.  
 And are not these raire merchants nycelie trickt,

Quho wer old Peers, but ar deil belikt.\*  
Barons and burrows equally rewarded,  
They wer cajoll'd by all, but now by non reguarded.  
O may our God quho rules both heavene and earth,  
Avert sad judgements from us, turne his wrath.  
Let all true Scots with God importunat be,  
That he may yet restore our pristine libertie ;  
That he quho rules the hearts of Kings alone,  
May settle James at length upon the throne.

\* But are not these sad merchants fairly nicked,  
Who once were Peers, now commoners be-tricked.

*Davidson's MS.*

## XXXV.

**A Pindarique Ode in Answer to the  
Dials of Gilbert Burnet. By  
S. Colbine.**

The “ Dials ” seem to be the “ Modest and free conference be-  
“ tween a Conformist and a Non-conformist about the present Dis-  
“ tempers of Scotland,” written in the form of Dialogues by Bur-  
net, and to which reference is made by the author in his Whigs  
Supplication.

“ Compesce me, Muse, these stout bravadoes  
Of these stiff-necked reformadoes ”  
“ Whose stubborn hearts cannot be turned  
By the Dialogues of Gilbert Burnet.”

---

Gilbert, ye say this book of yours  
Was the result of idle hours,  
And that ye did conceive and dyte it,  
As fast as any man could wryte it.  
To make folks think that ye doe merit,  
The name of a prodigious spirit.  
The old adage is true indeed,  
Who makes fools haste, he comes no speed;  
For here ye pleed against the Whigs,  
As if your brains were dancing jigs.  
With desulterious levitie,  
Hei da, Gilbert, who but ye ?  
Your own deserving still you prat on,

And speaks to statesmen with your hat on ;  
And covered rounds in ladies ears,  
Instead of wheat, where ye sow tares ;  
And when ye clatter there, and claver,  
Ye sprinkle all their necks with slaver.  
But what thanks get ye for your pains ;  
Some say that ye want solid brains ;  
And that ye look not Graham school like ;  
Others affirm that ye look fool like.  
Some say ye savour of the schisme,  
Of popery and arminianisme.  
Some call ye linsy woolsy brother,  
Half one religion half an other.  
Some say ye broach a new religion,  
As Mahomet did with his pigeon.  
Some say the head of Mr Gilbert,  
Is like a hazle nut or filbert,  
With round shell and rotten kernell,  
Or mytie meal in a new girnell.  
When wives from spinning on their rocks come,  
And read on you, they call you cockscomb ;  
And to conclude, they say in few words,  
That Gilbert is not worth two cow t—ds.  
Because when he has crackt so crouse,  
He mountains makes bring forth a mouse.  
Gilbert, I hope you will excuse,  
This ode, ye first provock'd my muse,

Since she has you engag'd in so far,  
 Answer her, Gilbert, if ye dare.  
 She will reply you, as I suppose,  
 As it pleaseth you, in rhyme or prose.  
 As yet, Gilbert, such is your hap,  
 To get from her a fox tail flap ;  
 But if ye set her breast a fire on,  
 She'l scourge you with a rod of iron.

## XXXVI.

**The Dispute between Satan, and  
 the Devil of Clerkenwell, for  
 the Soul of Bishop  
 Burnet.**

Bishop Burnet, a “man more sinned against than sinning,” died in the month of March 1715, and the following clever verses were privately circulated on the occasion. The present copy is taken from a MS. in the Advocates Library, in which the ensuing explanatory notice precedes the poem.—N.B.—‘That at Clerkenwell, where Gilbert Burnet, Bishop Salisbury, wes buried formerly, y<sup>r</sup> wes still the “rudest noyce twixt the devill of Clerkenwell, (called the parson, for appearing in parson’s habite), and Old Satan of hell; but because this noyce ceased when Gilbert was buried there, therefor, its supposed, that he pleased and pacifyed both the s<sup>d</sup> deills, by ane equall division of his soul to the one and his body to the other.’

Old Gilbert, they say, is now gone away,  
There's the devil and all to doe,  
For the devill of hell, and of Clerkenwell,  
Have fallen by the ears of new.

“ I'm sure he is myne, by a right that's divyne,”  
Quoth the deil of the Stygian ferrie,  
But the devill of Clerken, to y<sup>t</sup> would not hearken,  
So they scolded till they were both wearie.

“ I'll neir,” quoth the parson, “ wear trusers myne a—— on”  
“ If I hant brawny Gil. to my share,”  
“ But,” quoth Satan, “ I trow, to hell he must goe,”  
“ For all his Scots clan is gone there.”

Now to maik them both friends, old Sarum commends,  
His soul to the devill of hell,  
And his body in trust, to be laid in the dust,  
By the devill of Clerkenwell.

And now who can doubt, after all this d—d rout,  
But it needs must be mervellous true,  
That since Sarum is dead, it may weall be said,  
That both devills hes gottine their due.

## XXXVII.

**The Marquis of Wharton and  
Bishop Burnet's reception  
in Hell.**

From an anonymous MS. in the Advocates Library.—A corrupted version is to be found in the Jacobite Relics.

‘ Now, when the Marques of Wharton, and the said Bp. dyed,  
‘ they (who dyed both at once) were both graciously received to  
‘ Pluto’s Stygien Netherlands, their dialogue wes thus:’ viz.

Fra the day of Gib’s birth, whilst he lived on earth,  
He’s a weathercock still, yea and warse,  
When he came here to hell, then our weathercock fell,  
He’s set up with the pyk in his a—e.

Then a cursed old Peer \* and a Bishop I hear,  
About going to hell made a rout,  
Tho’ they both had observed, it was what they deserved,  
Yet who should goe in first was the doubt.

\* Lord Wharton, was a very able man, and from the hand he had in the Revolution, and in all the Whig administrative measures of the succeeding reigns, he obtained first an Earldom and afterwards a Marquisate. He died in April 1715. He was as ce-

This swore and that lyed, both hypocricie tryed,  
And its hard to know which was the worst,  
Give the devil his due, two worse he neer knew,  
But however the Bishop went first.

For since his graceless grace, upon earth had the place,  
The precedency's due to himself,  
Who dare then contend, or Wharton defend,  
So Gibbie gott the place into hell.

lebrated for his profligacy as his talent, in the former of which only he was exceeded by his son Philip, the last Marquis and first Duke of the name, with whom all the titles expired, excepting the Barony of Wharton, which being a barony by writ, is presently in abeyance between the representatives of his sisters. The following character of the Marquis occurs in a tract, (written by Dean Swift), entitled ‘A Short Character of his Excellency T(homas) E(arl) of W(harton), L(ord) L(ieutenant) of I(reland),’ Lond. 1711, 8vo. His Lordship, ‘by the force of a wonderful constitution, had some years past his grand climacterick without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind, and in spight of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five and twenty, whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a Templar of three years standing. With the same grace, and in the same stile, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is Governor of the Kingdom; and all this is without consequence, because it is his character, and what every body expects. He seems to be but an

But affronted in hell, whereat I cant tell,  
He stood dumb never opened his mouth,  
But soon the bright Marquis, who now in the dark is,  
As he used he began with this oath,

“ God d—n you, Old Nick, we’ll play you a trick,  
For monarchie always we hated,  
We shall also disowne, your right to the crown,  
And swear too that ye have abdicated.”

“ Right Marquis of Wharton, its just what I thought on,  
His right neither you nor I know,  
It would be a rare thing, to make such a king,  
And I’m sure that’s not jure divino.”

“ ill dissembler, and an ill Liar, tho’ they are the two talents he most  
practices and most values himself upon.’ ‘ He swears solemnly  
he loves you, and will serve you, and your back is no sooner  
turned but he tells those about him you are a dog and a rascal.  
‘ He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will  
talk bawdy and blasphemy at the Chappel-door. He is a Pres-  
byterian in politicks and an Athiest in religion, but he chuses at  
present to whore with a Papist.’ ‘ With a good natural under-  
standing, a great fluency in speaking, and no ill taste of wit, he is  
generally the worst companion in the world, his thoughts being  
wholly taken up between vice and politicks, so that bawdy, pro-  
phaness, and business, fill up his whole conversation.’

Then straightway the devill, turned wonderfull civil,  
At at the sayings of each hopeful imp,  
He cried—"hold up your faces, ye both shall have places,  
Sarum's my porter—and Wharton's my pimp."

Then they bow'd, went along, and they whisper'd the throng,  
" Now we're in, of our powers we'll make use,  
We shall maul the old whelp, if you'l lend but your help,  
And who knows but all hell may break loose."

Then Wharton did say, " if we cant get away,  
Of one thing we'll give you our words,  
We shall have by and by, with Sarum and I,  
Full two thirds of the Bishops and Lords."

" And with these helps we hope, spite of devill and Pope,  
If the whole honest damned will come over,  
Then my friend's zeal and mine, for the Protestant line,  
Shall bring in the house of Hanover."

## XXXVIII.

**Minor Satirical Verses, &c.**

## 1.

ONE THE OVERTHROW OF THE SPANISH ARMADO  
WICH WES COMING AGAINST SCOTLAND  
IN AUGUST 1639.

From Balfour's MSS.

The Hollanders and German Sea did end—  
That holy fleete ye Roman Sea did send :—  
Poxe one ye Pope his holy watter then,  
That could not from thesse vatters sau his men,  
No Aue Marie, Agnus Dei, no rood,  
Salt, spittle, nor Popes bull dide aney good,  
The seas obeyed Christ Jesus, nou wee knau  
That of his wiccar they stood little awe,  
Ten thousand soules at once, O wonderous storey,  
Throughe fyre and watter past to purgatorey,  
Justlie ye Pope may cannonize them all,  
They cannons brought and cannons vroght ther fall.

Lett Rome, soule messes for her clyentts singe,  
Whilist wee Te Deum to our heavenly Kinge,  
If ther intentione wes to spill our blood,  
Praisse be to God the(y) endit in ye flood.

Then lett ye Pope his Roman see gouerne,  
Christ guide o<sup>r</sup> barck, and euer hold at sterne.

## 2.

## PASQUINADE.

From Balfour's MSS.

To save a maid St George a dragon slew,  
A braue Exployt if all yat sayed be treue,  
Some think ther are no dragons, nay 'tis sayd,  
Ther was no George, pray God ther be a maid.

## 3.

## ON LAUD AND STRAFFORD.

From Balfour's MSS.

Landless Vill of Lambeth Strand  
And black Tom tyrand of Ireland,  
Like fox and volffe did lurk  
With many rukes and maget payis,  
To pyke out good King Charles his eyes,  
And then be Pope and Turke.

## 4.

## ON A MAID OF HONOUR.

From an anonymous MS.

Here lies a lady not full sixteen,  
Who was a servant to the Queen,  
More men than years she had upon her,  
But yet she dyed a maid of Honour.

## 5.

AN ACROSTICK ON THE GREAT NAME OF  
PRELACY.

From Davidson's MS.

Proud persecuting popish Protestant,  
Reformer for Rome's canonized saint,  
Envys foul flood, religions coal to quench,  
A plague to thrones, usurper of the bench,  
Little false foxes, spoylers of the vine,  
A branch of Rome, planted by Hell's engine,  
Cleave to false worship, close with nail and tooth  
Yelp for the world, be tongueless for the truth.

## 6.

## A SATYR ON KING WILLIAM.

From: Mylne's MSS.

Benting the goblet holds,  
Carmarthen the goblet fills,  
And Gilbert he consecratis,  
And William the liquor swills.

The goblet's full of treason and sedition,  
The health's damnation to the true succession,  
In this caruse the health goes round the hall,  
But few observe the writing on the wall. \*

## 7.

ON THE WHIGS FURTHHOLDER'S WHORE AND  
BASTARD.

From an anonymous MS.

A sighing holy sister, who by one of her societie  
Being got with child, she wept for passive pietie;

\* Mene tekell. R. M.

But since her holy brothers over reacht her,  
She hoped the child when born, to be Whig Preacher.  
But when the time came, they cryed all with laughter,  
That now her son, was turned to a daughter !  
Yet be content—if God preserves the babie,  
She has a pulpit where Whig preachers may be.

## 8.

## EPITAPH ON KING JAMES VII.

BY MR CALDER.

Mylne's MSS.

King James the Seventh, alas ! is dead,  
And gone to good St Paull,  
These thirteen years I wanting bread \*  
King James the Seventh alas ! is dead,  
Good Lord turn Willie heills o're head,  
And send him to King Saule.  
King James the Seventh alas ! is dead,  
And gone to good St Paul.

\* " His nephew strove to baik his bread," in another MS.

## 9.

## EPITAPH ON KING WILLIAM III.

From an anonymous MS.

Here lyes the unnaturall nephew, sone,  
Ambitious as wes Absolom,  
For which all good men did him hate,  
From horse he fetch'd a fall by fate.  
Of which at last he did expire,  
A sacrifice to God's just ire.  
Scotland rejoice, now quyte of a most cruel foe,  
O ! starved in Caledon, \* and martyred in Glenco.  
The ambitious monster's name accurst may't ever be,  
Abym'd in deepest gulfs of blackest infamie.

## 10.

ON A STARR APPEARING AT NOON, WHEN (THE) GENERAL ASSEMBLY SATE DOWN, 6. MARCH 1702; AND MR DAVID WILLIAMSON BEING MGRATOR CHOSEN THERTO.

From Mylne's MSS.

Solus ut hic Phebus solitum regat astra vicissim,  
Nunc simul alma Venus, suus et Moderator Apollo.

\* An allusion to the fate of the Darien Adventurers.

## 11.

## ON MR PATRICK FALCONER OF MONKTOUN.

From Mylne's MSS.

Hard is thy name, but harder is thy fate,  
 Choakt with great wealth, yet in a starving state,  
 Kynd heaven hes blest thee with this world's pelfe,  
 Just heaven will damne thee for murdering thyselfe.

## 12.

## ON THE BANK AND WHYTLAW.

From Mylne's MSS.

When bank is broak, and Whytlaw dead,\*  
 The rump will run ou'r the head.  
 When credit's gone, our laws at under,  
 Scotland's low, who can wonder ?  
 When we're Glencoed by land and sea,  
 Who will relieve us ? - What think ye ?

Melpomene.

\* He died Dec. 1704. See Volume first, p. 72.

## 13.

**A ROUNDELL ON MR WEBSTER, HOLDER-FURTH IN THE  
TOLLBOOTH KIRK OF EDINBURGH, 1706.**

From Mylne's MSS.

There is a man, whom God ne'er made  
A Minister nor Webster,  
Who has a crack'd distracted head ;  
There is a man, whom God ne'er made ;  
Lord, cure him with his cape of lead,  
Or knock him like a labster.

**NOTA.**—He was once distracted, and wore a cape of  
lead. R. M.

**ALIUD.**

The Magistrats he did rebuke,  
And give them all a chargie  
The common prayer for to hook ;  
The Magistrats he did rebuke,  
And to burn David Crawford's book  
And persecute the Clergie.\*

\* Webster was a very popular preacher. There is a very curious account of him to be found in the Preface to 'Threnodia,

## 14.

## UPON PRESTFIELD'S GREAT LEAD COFFIN.

Death works great wonders now the Miser's dead,  
And he that fed on silver 's turned to lead ;  
We fear he will not rest, because we'r told  
He ne'er sleeps sound, except 'mongst baggs of gold.  
Perhaps he lies retyred throw perfect greed,  
To extract quicksilver from the buried lead.

‘ A Funeral Poem to the memory of the late Learned, Pious, and  
‘ Reverend, Mr James Webster, one of the Ministers of the Tol-  
‘ booth Church, Edinburgh, who died May 17. 1720.’ Edin. 12mo,  
1720. It is there stated, that, when at St Andrews, his ‘ early  
‘ zeal failed not to draw upon him, in an eminent degree, the ha-  
‘ tred and malice of that arch traitor, perfidious Sharp, then bishop,  
‘ so as, in his magistrand year, he was necessitated to leave the  
‘ University without being graduated.’ At a later date, being  
found praying with some fellow-Christians, he was cast by the  
Prelatists ‘ into close prison in Dundee, where he was allowed no  
‘ living creature near him save a little cat, which he had, to keep the  
‘ rats and mice from him ; in which prison he likewise endured  
‘ very much cold, being an open unfurnished house, an iron grate  
‘ being its window-shutters,’

## 15.

## THE BLESSING WITH THE BLACK SELVIDGE.

From an anonymous MS.

When Israel's sires invoked the living Lord,  
He scourged their sins with famine, plague and sword ;  
They still rebell'd—he in his wrath did fling  
No thunder bolt among them, but a king.  
A George like King was Heaven's avenging rod,  
The utmost fury of an angry god.  
God in his wrath sent Saul to punish Jewry,  
But George to Britain in a greater fury ;  
For he in sin as far exceeded Saul,  
As Gibby Burnet did the great St Paul.

## 16.

THE MILLER'S WISH ON THE ELECTION OF BAILLIES,  
1711.

From Davidson's MS.

Give me Blackwood for eve and wheel,  
For cog and rung Hathorne ;  
A Weightman to lay on the load  
That's by a Camel borne.

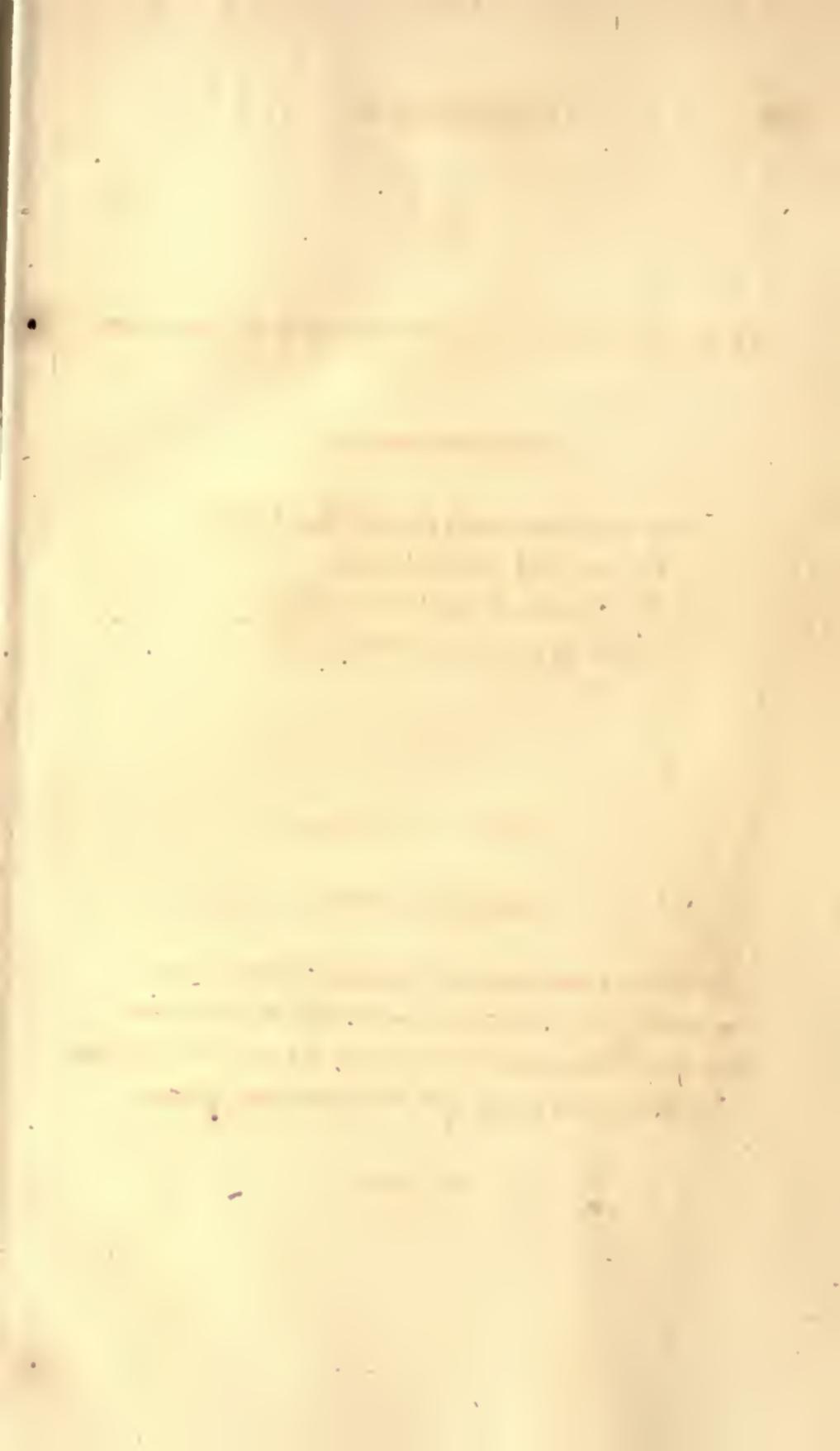
## 17.

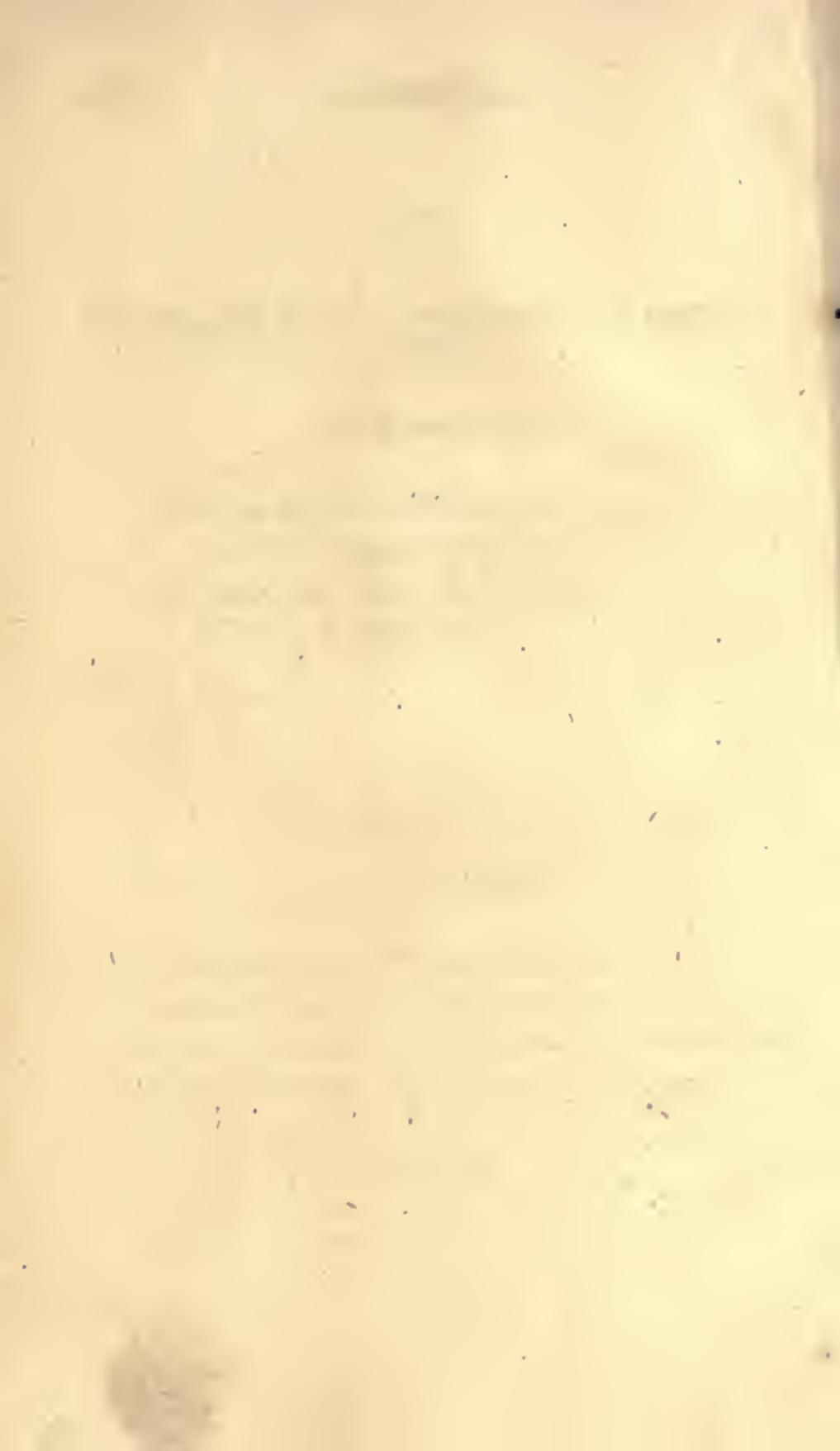
## ON THE ABJURATION.

From Mylne's MSS.

Our Fathers took oaths as men take their wyves,  
For better, for worse, th' whole lease of their lyves ;  
But now, like common strumpets, we take 'em for ease,  
And whore and rogue part whenever they please.

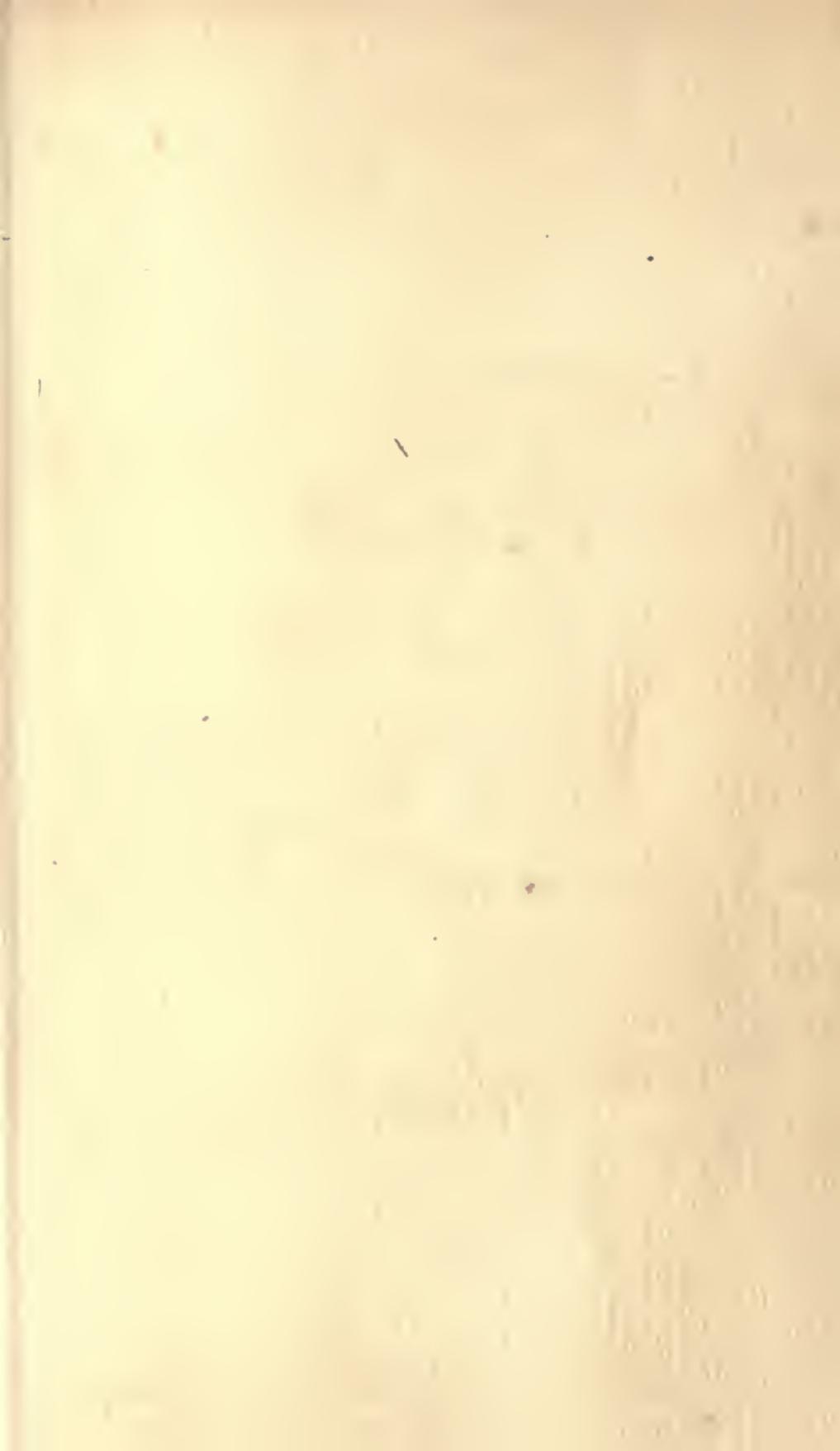
THE END.

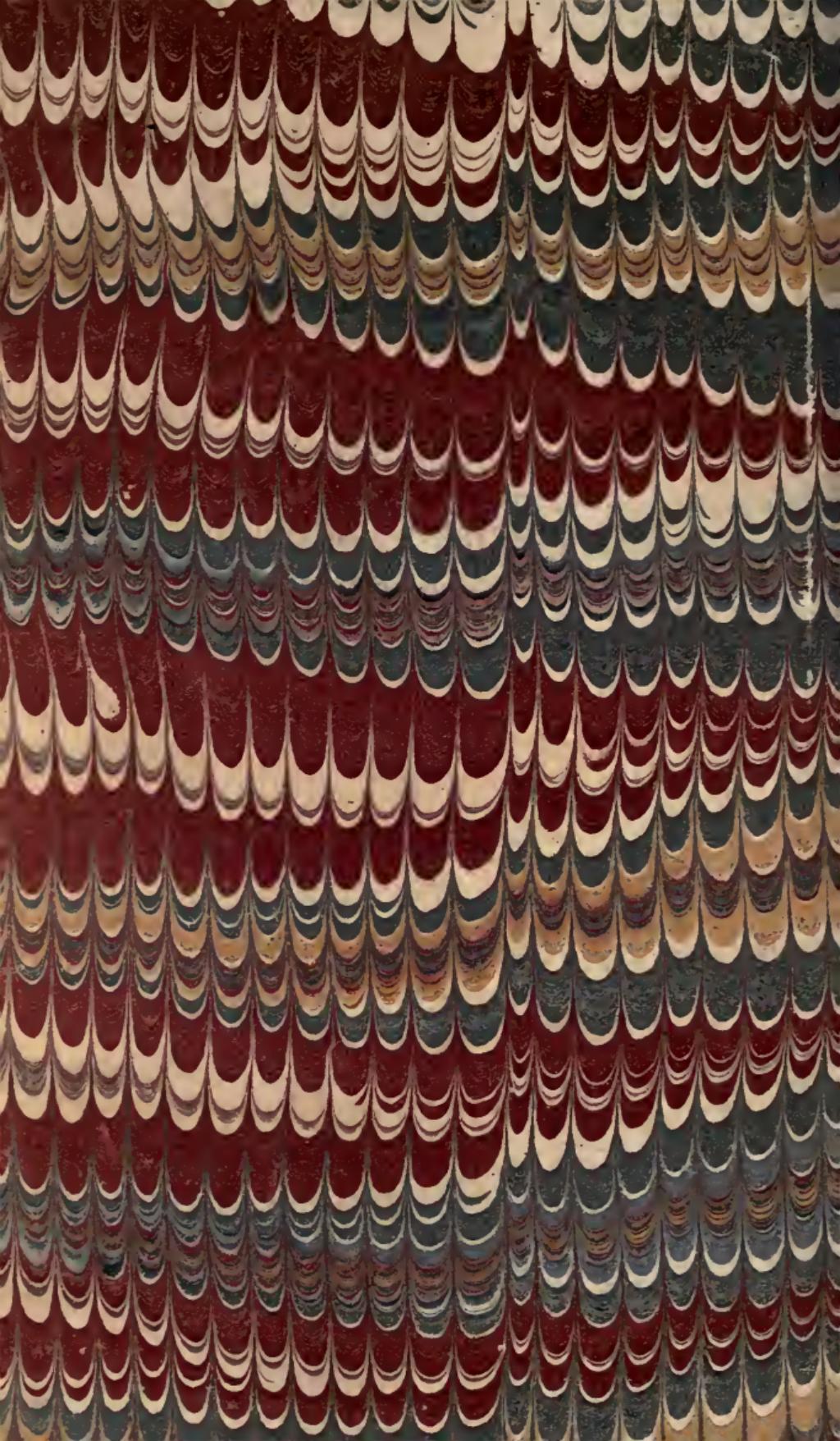












PR  
8661  
P3M3  
v.2

[Maidment, James]  
A book of Scottish pasquils

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

---

